WHITE LIGHT NIGHTS

O. O. McIntyre

White Light Nights

By

O. O. McINTYRE

O. O. McINTYRE, having been born in Plattsburg, Mo. and brought up in Gallipolis, Ohio, is probably the most typical New Yorker.

He is the man who made New York famous. Quite a few others have written about the city, but it wasn't until O. O. M. took up the subject, and wrote *White Light Nights* that folks over the country began really to know.

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By O. O. McINTYRE

White
Light
Nights

To Bill
from
Bertha + Mac
Sept. 12 1924

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By

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To My Wife

MAYBELLE HOPE

Who in pigtails and spring-heeled shoes
was my inspiration and still is

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White Light Nights

White Light Nights

Soft-Boiled New York

IN NEW YORK, Reuben does not come to town. He lives here. Remove the spats and monocle and behold the apple-knocker.

The specious reasoning of New Yorkers that a silk hat and stiff white shirt make the city slicker is as fallacious as another idea that any place west of Hoboken is Main Street.

Not all the suckers are out on Iowa farms busting sod or fashioning the wise crack in front of the village store. Any number may be found preening themselves before plate glass windows along Fifth Avenue and Times Square.

A voodoo doctor flourishes in the aristocratic core of Park Avenue and an East Indian

swami occupies an imposing suite of offices within a stone's throw of the downtown money kings.

The artificial lake in Central Park is owned by the City and fishing is not permitted there. It contains very few fish anyway, but there is a fellow who sells "fishing privileges" to New Yorkers and who makes a comfortable living doing it.

In a Broadway storeroom in the heart of the district where sophistication fairly pirouettes and the celluloid collar raises the uproarious guffaw, a bucolic-looking gentleman with wide-brimmed hat and bandanna kerchief at his throat is selling stock in a company that "extracts" oil from pebbles.

Around the corner in the Roaring Forties a falcon-eyed street merchant is selling "Montana diamonds, as big as your eye. Step up, boys!" Across from Bryant Park at dusk another hawks the "mysterious package"—a one-cent collar button—for fifteen cents.

If you ask the brown-derbied "pitch men" who sell trifling gimcracks along the curb, they will tell you New York is the biggest sucker town in America—a paradise for those

who live by their wits. Easier than county fairs.

It is not the wide-eyed stranger from Sinking Springs who pays ten dollars a seat for a two-dollar musical comedy. Nor is it the stranger who pays a four-dollar *couvert* gouge to occupy a chair in a claw-hammer-and-caviar-jazz mosque.

Café prices in New York are an amazing tribute to native yokelry. The man about town and the "fellow in the know" are the debonair lads who never complain at the two-dollar charge for a fifteen-cent bottle of table water—corkage extra.

The capricious cuties who live by their ability to find the "live one" do not angle for visiting Babbitts. They know the easy marks and they flush them out of the man-made niches in Manhattan cliffs.

The longer one lives in the mightiest of cities the more one realizes all the pockets are not picked at the expense of the bumpkins who stand agape at the wonders of the Aquarium or the Bronx zoo.

Not by a jugful!

Mammoth hotels have their cafeterias, apart

from main dining-rooms but in the same buildings, where identically the same food is served at almost half the price.

These cafeterias are patronized exclusively by visitors. New Yorkers would never think of going there. No siree! The help might see them.

A la-de-dah soda fountain on Fifth Avenue that charges forty cents for a glass of soda water does not even offer comfortable surroundings. There are no chairs, and clerks, skilled in impudence, greet the visitors. But try to get up to the counter. Just try, anyway, during a rush. It serves no better soda and certainly offers less comfort, than the fifteen-cent places. Still, Mrs. Vanastor was seen there once.

Mental tinkerers who juggle with the complexes are right in saying New York is swayed by the "herd instinct."

If just a few beat the trail to an unknown door, the rest will follow blindly on the gallop. No matter whether the trail leads to a gypping café or a signless shop where clerks drop their *h*'s.

There is no place where the herd instinct is

so pronounced as in a New York dansant. The smallest places are invariably packed. They may be in an innocent-looking East Side residence or a Greenwich Village cellar. No matter where—the postage-stamp dance floors are jammed to suffocation.

There is scarcely room for the policeman or revenue agent any more. Yet the "great open spaces" of the big dance halls where one may dance in comfort are almost ghostly in their emptiness.

When a dance place begins to lose popularity, the shrewd proprietor knows how to steam up business again. He redecorates, boosts his prices, and the sheep come tumbling back.

The smug New Yorker is amusing in his obeisance to swank, and swank to him is sky-high prices. The man who pays $100 for an opening night seat to the Follies has something to talk about—a high spot to which he may refer. He has taken on a brisk new importance.

One of the highest-priced tailors in town offers clothes that are made by the same cutters and fitters that supply a Grand Street tailor's

patrons at less than half the price. The only difference is that the Grand Street place is one flight up and the Fifth Avenue shop is called a "salon."

A "salon" is somewhat like a solo on a bull fiddle. It may sound impressive but does not mean a thing.

Where save in New York would a long-suffering populace stand for the hat-snatching brigands and impertinent ruffians who remove imaginary bits of dust in wash rooms? Business of pausing for reply!

In other cities and communities a dime is a sizable fee for this somewhat annoying imposition. Yet in New York the dime brings the lip-curling sneer and the whispered epithet.

The head waiter at best is a glorified serf, but New Yorkers fairly grovel in his presence. He becomes the Tsar of the silken entrance ropes, and New Yorkers, aching for his austere bow of recognition, will gladly ease the itching palm with a yellowback note—from a twenty spot to a century.

It is not the out-of-towner who curries favor with the head waiter and elevates him to the niche of grandeur wherein he rides to his work

from his up-the-Hudson castle in a limousine. It is the New Yorker freighted with his metropolitan air of worldliness. He is the same New Yorker who smiles superiorly when the village oaf is trapped for a dollar and a half in a circus shell-game.

Nearly all the spurious paintings of the Old Masters are sold on Manhattan Island. Painted perhaps by some attic starveling for the price of a few filling meals, they are taken to Europe, brought back with a fanfare of press agency and then sold for thousands. And this is not your cheap flimflam game but one in which millions are exacted every year.

The biggest wire-tapping fraud ever perpetrated in America had as its victims four native New Yorkers who were so gullible they mortgaged mansions to bet on the most ancient of con games—the fixed horse race.

Then there are the ocean greyhounds who travel on transatlantic liners to fleece the credulous at cards. Here are men adept at picking the "sucker." They play with him as skilfully as the best of fishermen, and then at the psychological moment—the hook.

There is no record of an ocean greyhound

ever singling out a tourist from Hickory Corners. The cosmopolite is his meat.

Slim Doran, one of the shrewdest of confidence men, after years of rich pickings in Gotham decided he wanted new worlds to conquer. He would go out in the brush and scare up his victims. He had that polished way of his vaselined world of Broadway. He knew how to order from French menus, to have the wine at the proper temperature and wear clothes like a Beau Brummell.

Slim met his Waterloo at Omaha—the first stop out. He left there in two days for the East, riding the rods of a baggage coach—plucked clean.

Fortune-tellers and crystal-gazers reap their biggest rewards in million-footed Manhattan. An illiterate woman who professes to foretell the future by gazing into coffee grounds owns a block of apartment houses in Jersey. And Oom the Omnipotent had the cream of the Social Register under his mystic sway.

Snake-doctors still beat the tom-tom on Fourteenth Street, and Columbus Circle has its gold brick artists.

The crudest sort of "yokel yanking" in New

York is done by the itinerant fur salesmen. They dress as truckmen and stand in shadowed doorways after nightfall. By whispered implications they give the idea their furs have been stolen from trucks.

In this way they palm off five-dollar furs for thirty dollars. So tremendous has this graft grown that there is an organized central exchange on Canal Street from which men are sent out and which employs several hundred pseudo-salesmen. Always their victim is the New Yorker—the wise-cracking slicker.

There is a record of two New Yorkers, "purchasing" Brooklyn Bridge, and one trusting soul invested all his cash for a first payment down on the Woolworth Building.

So it goes. Beggars ride in limousines and live in swell hotels. Fake lords, dukes and counts crash through the social cordon with nothing save an engraved calling card with a faked family crest. Millionaires are hooked by vapid chorus girls, and Wall Street yearly cries its warning against the "bucket-shop."

This is hard-boiled New York. In truth, as soft as soap; impressionable as modeler's clay. It is "Jaytown-on-the-Hudson."

Union Square

GRAY dusk comes with a mysterious hush to Union Square. The moon hangs its slight crescent on the sky and there is a soft gravity about the trees and walks, turning purple in the haze.

The lamps, pale and ungleaming, are strung like so many beads about the shadowy lawns.

It is that magic hour when New York pauses—the hiatus between the end of the work day and the beginning of evening pleasures.

The shrill of the newsboy, crying of murder, divorce and a world wet with tears, the clatter of giant hoofs against cobblestone, the jangle of surface-cars, shriek of motor sirens and screech of the elevated spun high in the clouds are stilled.

Friendly benches scattered about the breathing space near the city's heartbeat are well-nigh deserted. Thickening shadows circle and life seems suddenly to fade.

Here an old woman, with chrome-colored face and the enduring eyes of the beaten,

caught in the backwash, sits with her basket from which pretzels hang on protruding sticks.

There a balloon man, incongruously gay with flashing pinwheels and spiky ornamental gimcracks, the red spheres like torches against the breeze. His thoughts appear as drab as his burdens are radiant.

Old cabbies, making their last heroic stand against the gasoline god, perch like so many molting sparrows on the iron rails near the curb, sucking at stub pipes and dreaming of the days when the world was young—when New York bloods in high toppers drove in smart four-wheelers drawn by spanking bays to the old Astor House bar for the evening apéritif.

Over near the entrance several gnarled old sandwich men are clotted, incased, turtle-fashion, in boards. Famished souls who snatched at life and missed! And now forced to trudge the crowded streets, flaunting failure, with bright signs in front and back that herald the tawdry wonders of quick lunch-rooms, manicure parlors, pawnshops and what not.

Too, a sprinkling of ex-service men, nodding over the Help Wanted columns, and young lovers hand in hand, whispering softly the story as old as time.

Street hawkers, in worn serge and inevitable brown derbies, and the staccato megaphonists of the soap-box idle in front of their "pitches," marking time with cigarette smoke puffs until life bubbles again.

The "decoys" rest immobile and sphinx-like in lantern-hung yap-wagons waiting for timid school-teachers from Iowa and visiting lodge delegates to join them in the evening exploration of the shabby make-believe hell holes of Chinatown.

In the shadow of a subway kiosk, an odd human anachronism, with stained yellow teeth and a beard grown white from the frost of many winters, is doling out his pinches of bread-crumbs to the flock of skittish pigeons. Cracked, they say, because he talks only to the birds.

Old Dan, the telescope man, a bit of professional gold by time-strange alchemy turned to dross, adjusts his bulky instrument to the sweep of the heavens. From his tripod drops

the sign: "See Old Sirius, the Dog Star—10 cents."

To the southward appears a modern electrical nocturne—the first faint tracing of the flaming Judson cross. To the northward the nightly aurora borealis is settling over the Great White Way.

But down in Union Square is the noonday peace of the village street—the poetical silence wherein the city dweller may almost hear the pulse of wings.

Then suddenly the swift and almost soundless approach of a motor. A car swerves in to the curb and from the plush-lined depths emerges a brisk, official person who turns to lift three diminutive charges to the ground.

Gnome-like figures, who carry canes, wear little frock coats and dwarfish derbies!

A few street gamins draw timidly near with the frank, wide-eyed, open-mouthed curiosity of youth. Perhaps a father and three sons out for a twilight romp in a city park.

Yet close inspection reveals old faces on young bodies—faces that are wrinkled and stamped with the indelible imprint of the years. There is a querulous intonation to the

voices and a vixenish protest against the intrusion of the childish gazers.

At a lively gait, they set out to walk about the asphalt paths, the elfin forms giving an eerie touch to the ghostly beauty of the early night. Round and round they walk, the dwarfs with mincing steps and swinging sticks, chattering like magpies.

They are midgets—little harlequins from a Broadway show—in the keeping of their padrone. They have little time between performances and when they walk the Rialto's bulging pave there is danger of being trampled underfoot. There is also the constant staring, the cruel tittering and the press of groups that suddenly hem them in to gawk.

So it is that when dusk comes to Union Square they seek its merciful shelter to fill their lungs with fresh air and stretch their Lilliputian limbs.

Soon the square begins to fill again. Life quickens its tempo. From the façades of Fourteenth Street movie palaces are flung the blazoned pleasure beacons, calling the endless, milling, churning tide to see virtue triumphant and the wicked flayed.

Thousands upon thousands! Drifting men and aimless women, whose wearied eyes somehow catch the sparkle of the lights.

A twitching, collarless "snow bird" clings to the ravenous shadows awhile, then steps into the glare of a street light, revealing gaunt eyes and pasty face. A uniform of blue with bright shield appears around the corner. Union Square's flash of the lawless and the law.

And the midgets, their brief period of relaxation ended, are lifted back into their motorcar. A lurch and the car is off to their mimic world again.

"See the Milky Way!" shouts the telescope man.

"Kerridge, leddy? Very exclusive!" calls a venerable Jehu.

"Chinatown and the Bowery—just starting," rasps the yap-wagon barker.

Union Square has had its hour of quiet.

The Bowery

THE BOWERY is no more!

The picturesque midrib of New York's East Side squalor has flung off tattered garments. Instead of shiny serge, there is now the faint rustle of silk.

Windows once crammed with pawn pledges are spilling with roses. Blue Nose Murphy's swing-door saloon is labeled "Silberstein—the Florist."

Where once the bungstarter spoke with authority, the Bowery now "says it with flowers."

McGuirk's Suicide Hall, whither soiled ladies crept to quaff the hemlock, is a spic and span electrical shop. Next door at the old Kelly Garden, John Callahan is angling for lost souls at his rescue mission.

Gone are the iniquitous cesspools. "The Flea Bag," "The Alligator," "Nigger Mike's" and "The Doctor's"—where one beer was served with two straws and "third rail" whisky was a nickel a shot with a back room "flop" thrown in.

The scrofulous façades of other myriad bazaars that specialized in "knock-out drops" and ten-dollar murders are bright with new paint—their vices swallowed in respectability.

The Bowery may not wear silk hat and spike-tail coat but it has discarded cap and sweater. Bells that guided uncertain steps to pawnshop doors are stilled.

The Bowery purse is mirrored in the Bowery Savings Bank—one of the strongest financial institutions in the world.

In its new dress the Bowery has not entirely lost its shades and colorings. It remains the dark, brooding, sunless street—one of the widest in Manhattan.

Fat wives of shopkeepers sit in dingy doorways and the human lees still eddy there as hopelessly forlorn as the midnight shriek of the elevated high above the roof tops.

Yet the bread line's surge of misery in every block has vanished. "Dummy chuckers" are no longer throwing their fake fits in front of Beefsteak John's.

The one-cent coffee houses are white-tiled cafeterias.

The bedraggled old women who shrilly

screamed their imprecations on passers-by have disappeared.

Gum-chewing girls in plaid skirts, faded blouses and rakish tams exist only in Bowery fiction. Broadway modistes have branches along the Bowery.

The secondhand book-stalls flaunt Tolstoy and Ibsen along with yellow-back thrillers. The public libraries of the Bowery are more generously patronized than those in uptown New York.

Once sailors flocked to the Bowery to have hearts and anchors etched on manly chests and brawny arms. Now they go to the "De-tattooing Parlors," on the same street, to have them removed.

The urge of beauty is keen. Indeed, Slip McGuffin's old stuss house has become a ladies' coiffure parlor in the strange Bowery metamorphosis.

Fire escapes are not filled with balloon bedding and flapping wet wash in the early morning. The strange, loaded silence that hung over the gray street has been replaced by the sharp jangle of commerce.

All the old Bowery characters who tinged

poverty with romance have ascended the starry trail. What characters they were! No other city has produced their like.

Doc Shuffield in high hat and boiled shirt —a fellow of a Royal Surgical Society—does not minister gratuitously to the Bowery sick. He died in a snowdrift, struggling to reach a patient.

Chuck Conners with his bowler derby and pearl-buttoned short jacket—a self-appointed "Mayor," philosopher and intimate of the great. And his "skoit" Nellie, the best "spieler" in the dance halls.

Chinatown Gertie who cast her miserable lot among the Chinese and emerged from the foul causeways "a white lily" whose oratory drew sin-stained wrecks to the mourners' bench.

Gold Tooth Fannie who once lived on the Avenue and fed the poor at dawn from a banjo-torched cart.

The Sullivans—Big and Little Tim! Owen Kildare, the Bowery poet. Spike O'Day who pawned his peg leg each morning and retrieved it at night with a beggar's spoils.

Jew Dave Kelly, a fiery little despot who

licked cops and spent his earnings feeding friendless cats. Margolly Nickerson—the Bowery dude, remittance man and Oxford scholar.

Sophie the Scrubwoman whose life-sized painting now hangs in a Doyers Street Mission. Blind Toots, the singer of Chatham Square. Stubby Tolliver, the Bowery hackman. Salvation Annie!

All are gone!

Merchants now park limousines at the curb of their Bowery shops. From Chatham Square, where the Bowery begins, to Cooper Square, where it ends, there is not a "reliever shop" left. In these cellar hutches the outcast changed his shoes for those a little more worn to obtain in addition the price of a drink.

The dim-lit one-flight-up hotels have flashy electric signs and offices with mosaic floors. Their signs no longer read "For Men Only" but "For Gentlemen Only."

Ghastly museums that stressed the horror of social ills, while Vandyked medical charlatans—French-American doctors, Berlin specialists—awaited trembling victims upstairs, have been swept away.

The famous guinea-pig store near Broome Street is now a London Dog Shop and sells the chow and fashionable borzoi. Signs of interior decorators greet the eye on all sides.

A lone penny arcade and shooting gallery is dying of inanition, a survivor among scores of other days.

Hogan's Roost in Bleecker Street where uptown beggars drifted for the night has become a printing house for Bible tracts.

The breath of reform has also spread to Chinatown, whose narrow, winding streets sprawl precipitously off a hip of Chatham Square.

The old Chinese theater is a house of Christian worship. Lantern-hung buses continue to carry unsophisticated visitors to see Chinatown wickedness, while a ballyhoo barks of the shuddering terrors.

But the Chinatown horror is only imagined —the pale young man in the opium bunk is a mere illustration of cosmetic artifice and he languidly puffs Virginia leaf instead of the dreadful poppy. During the day he is a gay soda jerker on Park Row.

White wives of Chinese no longer peer from

latticed windows at a forbidden world. Slippered myrmidons of Opium Kings do not flit ghostlike in the shadowy catacombs underneath the sidewalk nor do frail young girls huckster their souls in a hell's market place.

The ancient joss-house is a "yokel yanker" —a prop setting to lure coins from tourists. The real Chinatown long since moved to suburban Jersey hide-aways.

Chinese merchants have their Chamber of Commerce and settle differences with silk-voiced diplomacy instead of tong wars. Gunmen have taken their "gats" to Harlem and the Bronx.

Big Jack Zelig, Louis the Lump, Foggy Bernstein and a score of others have died, as they lived, by the gun. To the new Chinatown they are not even memories. "Ganging the Cop" is a lost art.

The thieves' "fences" have moved to Avenue A. Nothing indeed is left that is remindful of the days when the Bowery was a hell-roaring street, ruled by the might of fists.

When the booze joints dried up, the Bowery bloomed with Danish pastry shops, bonbon parlors and soft-drink stands.

The Bowery's "new front" is due solely to Prohibition. The disintegration began with the passing of the Volstead law.

With the coming of the debacle, the attempted Boweryization of Broadway began. The army of "grifters" bivouacked northward with their dime museums, snake-charming parlors and catchpenny devices.

But the invasion withered up in a puff of scorn. A street that had bubbled with champagne foam was not ready to welcome beer-buying invaders from Steve Brodie's stamping ground. The tarnished "Flytrap" could not compete with the mirrored elegance of a tea dansant.

When the Bowery started to move, the soul of it died. It had completed its cycle and is now returning to its pristine simplicity. It is going back to the days of flagstone walks and flowery dells whence it derived its name.

At an old chemist's shop in the very heart of the thoroughfare, the aged proprietor shook his head.

"We don't keep leeches for black eyes these days," he said.

The Bowery, indeed, is no more.

A Visit to Longacre Square

IT IS noon in Longacre Square.

In front of the Palace Theater, vaudeville actors in belted coats, bowler derbies and other Piccadilly toggery from the "one flight ups" are back from "knocking them cold" in Grand Rapids and spurning fat parts from Dave and Lee and Flo.

Out of the side street in the Furious Forties seeps a rougishly rouged *nymphe du pave.* She, like her innumerable sisters, has been fed to Broadway from the farm or the village.

She cheekily tosses her meaningless smiles to lure the ready luncheon buyer. Her breakfast, an hour ago, was the chorine's morning fare—"The Morning Telegraph and a cigarette." She laughs from the lips outward. For ladies must live.

The freshly barbered yogis of the flesh, obeying Nietzsche's problematical advice, "Be Hard! Live Dangerously!" are milling about in the eternal round. The luncheon hour is the hour for conquests.

In Longacre Square stands Blue Pete, a blind pencil seller, whose mere hand-wave a few years ago unleashed the silken entrance ropes from Rector's to uptown Bustanoby's.

Northward, toward Columbus Circle, at night is etched in letters of fire the name of a Broadway star, a whirling bit of tinsel, the same who a few years ago cried "Cash!" in a Topeka five-and-ten.

Today she receives the Broadway accolade. And Blue Pete its scantest pity.

It is the way of Broadway to welcome its heroes to prove them clay; to scoff its dreamers to acclaim them great. In the shifting kaleidoscope the obscure turn opulent and the haughty humble.

The pauper of today is the prince of tomorrow. And the prince of today may be the pauper of tomorrow.

Tin Pan Alley sings truly of this modern Appian Way as a lane of smiles and tears, a highball and a headache, a rose with thorny stems.

Yet in spite of its tawdry gaiety, Broadway is a definite part of the national consciousness —an overworked city in cap and bells.

Near the out-of-town newspaper hutches lounge derbied men with square-toed shoes, the insignia of Central Office, waiting for some homesick fugitive who seeks a breath of news from the folk back yonder.

A battered champion of yesteryear, groping about in an unreal world of drugs, does his daily afternoon shadow boxing. He, too, was once a Broadway idol.

"Old Horse and Wagon," Manhattan's only Chinese vagrant, shuffle-trots his way through the crowds humming his Chinatown version of the ancient classic:

> That nightie time, he come chop chop,
> Young man walkee, no can stop.
> Maskee snow, maskee ice,
> He cally flag with chop so nice.
> Topside gallow!

Matinée idols stroll to the life that begins with them at two-fifteen. Wide-eyed maidens carry their fudge and bonbons to the orchestra pits. Streams of motorcars ebb and flow as the sluice gates of traffic rise and fall. Stage doormen, puffing at peaceful pipes, seem oddly detached from the world about them.

Beggars swarm about the projecting hotel canopies. Broadway, well fed, is generous. Alongside the Claridge an old Arab in his invalid chair grinds out wheezy tunes as a moth-eaten monkey collects the pennies.

Once Ali jumped four camels in a row at the Hippodrome. Then one night he missed.

As evening nears, the plaintive moan of the saxophone is heard in the dansant. Oppressively sophisticated flappers and cake-eaters start the first round of the evening pleasures while New York rushes homeward.

Lights pop! The White Way gleams with its million lights, like clustered stars caught in the silken web of night. The Broadway fires are burning.

"Crying Mary," who has lost the control of her tear ducts, takes her stand in the shadows of the Times Building, a hooded Niobe, weeping for coins to carry her back to her home in Jersey. Her tears, like those of Broadway, are fickle. She lives not in Jersey but in a Bronx apartment house with a marble façade —a monument to her continual weeping.

Hard by the Metropolitan Opera House, Joel's serpentine sign winks welcome in bril-

liant green. By day Joel writes ponderous tomes on the polygeneric theory and by night he serves *frijoles colorados* to artists, writers and the demi-mondaine.

His walls are lined with original cartoons and gilt signs, urging "piff-awmers" to bank their money with him while trouping. Joel knows what it is to be broke on Broadway.

Across Forty-second Street a toad-like little man with a leonine head—a great criminal lawyer—walks at the side of the Tenderloin's greatest gambler. He has never flinched as fortunes went with the flip of a card. They are discussing rare first editions.

Stolpin's, a gay little theatrical café, buzzes with the evening clientèle—the "fill-in" folk from the two-a-day, the merriest and most underpaid in the profession.

There are ground and table tumblers, wire and rope walkers, dare-devils of the trapeze and Roman rings, knife throwers, foot and hand jugglers, mouth and teeth whistlers and bird and dog act men who gather together to eat puff-waffles, drink black coffee and spin tales to shame the Arabian Nights.

Bolted basement doors in the French cafés

open to the correct push-button signal to reveal the red plush furniture and mirrors framed in lump gilt. And always a meowing cat.

They are the last stand of Broadway's *vin ordinaire* or "red ink" and are hallowed by the fruity memories of Mama Laloy and Papa Gaston and the sixty-cent table d' hôte.

Mama at the cashier's cage fashioned the Martini and the Bronx. She tossed in a luscious red cherry or a green olive and a motherly pat on the cheek.

Now the Martini and the Bronx are served surreptitiously in broken tea cups. And diners sit timidly on the edge of chairs awaiting the police raiding ram.

Theater foyers fill with jewels and silk. The capricious Circe flaunts her paradise head-dress. She has a day and night chauffeur and a Park Avenue apartment but there is languor in her throat. Last week the jury said she shot in self-defense.

Stage door Johns with patent leather hair, buck teeth and adenoidal smiles, simulate the worldly sin-stained, while puffing papa's filched cigars.

Dowagers, aching with the effort to achieve one less chin by spring, creak in suffocating dignity. Clubmen with telltale ocher smudges under tired eyes feign a vivacity they do not feel. All idle slaves to pleasure.

On the fringe of the jostling crowds, whining their woe, are the aged flower women, as wilted as their wares. And along the curb the flat-chested, colorless figures who hawk the birth control weeklies.

After the theater the street roar swells. The auto sirens, the souvenir shops' tinny pianos and the cry of late editions add their crash to the gathering crescendo.

Midnight brings the zero hour of Broadway's pleasure. The supper clubs, swept into amazing popularity by a reversion of the Volstead law's intent, are opened.

They are intimate little rooms with postage stamp dance floors and swathed in Babylonian splendor. Here youth is in the saddle.

College striplings down from New Haven, the necks of gin bottles showing from dinner jackets, jazz away the lagging hours with girls from select boarding schools who have eluded chaperons.

The most exclusive chain of supper clubs is owned by a man who does not grace them with his presence. He battered his way up from East Side obscurity, bringing indelible imprints of the fray—a foggy eye and cauliflowered ear.

As dawn approaches pleasure is whipped to its whitest froth. A rising star of Broadway greets the blush of day, poised on a table top. With a delicate flanged champagne glass aloft she cries throatily, after the manner of Ethel Barrymore: "I'm all the hell there is, there isn't any more."

Outside waiting at the entrance with soiled packets of chewing gum is a venerable crone. She is a fallen star in the Broadway constellation. But Broadway's light still calls her.

It is the light that never dims!

The Avenue

FIFTH AVENUE sweeps northward from the sepulchral quiet of Washington Square and ends abruptly like a skyrocket where a colorful ghetto raises its medley.

It is the "avenue of avenues" and with kaleidoscopic fidelity mirrors the confused blendings of life. At once it rustles with silk and creaks with shiny serge.

The Avenue has the ironic gaiety of the Champs Élysées, and the dignity of old Bond Street, yet here and there is splotched with the chromatic colorings of Broadway and the Bowery. No two blocks are the same, for Fifth Avenue ripples along blithely from the sublime to the ridiculous. Across from the great stone lions that guard the public library gleams the red front of a five-and-ten.

Near the arch Stanford White designed at the southern end of the thoroughfare are ivy-clad homes and "Dickensy" inns, linking the present to days of crinoline and high-stepping bays. Opposite the red pile of the Vanderbilt mansion is the clatter of a white-tiled eatery

with toothpicks and paper napkins. Behind the billboards on a vacant lot near a copper king's million-dollar palace is a herd of Harlem goats. And in the shadow of the resplendent drawing-rooms, the tenement poor picnic on the grassy plots in Central Park.

Fifth Avenue awakens sluggishly. First come the window cleaners and brass sign polishers to brighten façades. Then doormen with gold trappings, clerks, *midinettes* and floor-walkers in frock coats.

At nine the almost endless procession of well-fed brokers in limousines bowling their lofty way to Wall Street. Too, the promenade of merchants and professional men. It is their touch of community life—this morning stroll. The same faces, year in and year out, including the pearl-derbied twins—seventy-year-old brothers, alike as two peas, even to scarf pins.

Traffic begins to boil. Ancient Jehus, clinging to the old-fashioned note in a motor-mad age, roam the curbs with brougham, Victoria, barouche and hansom.

Lumbering green buses with circular stairway, pistol dime catchers and hand-holding

lovers! Limousines with chauffeurs and footmen in plum-liveried elegance! Stunty, low-slung roadsters of salmon pink and robin's-egg blue.

The star's sedan with a calliope siren. Women puffing cigarettes in luxurious ease—and across the Avenue mayhap a straw-hatted farmer from Jersey on a load of hay.

High in the bronze traffic towers sit the silent guardians, blinking their fish-eyed lights, red for warning, green for cross-town traffic and a pale yellow for Avenue right of way. When the flash of red is followed by green there comes a sudden transient desolation. Activity dries up while side street floodgates are unlocked. Even pedestrians slacken their pace. Just as quickly the hurly-burly is renewed. The Avenue marches on.

Shopping begins at ten. Parisian modistes—born in the Bronx—awe the plump *nouveaux riches* with table d'hôte French. Smart horse-drawn equipages unload the lorgnetted ladies. Great department stores and jewelry shops flaunt their nobility by being signless. As does the London tobacconist who dresses the "clarks" in linen coats and white gloves.

There are crystal perfume shops, haberdashers who blend scarves with complexions, couturiers whose manikins shame Ziegfeld, jewelers who have no display save in plush-lined rooms where detectives watch through peep-holes, coiffure parlors conducted by baronesses—each with free cigarettes for the ladies.

Shopping, then luncheon! And gone are the great restaurant names along the Avenue. Delmonico's withered under the grisly obsequy of the auctioneer's hammer. Old Sherry's with windows filled with tubbed cedars is blotted out by a bank. The glorified Childses down near the Waldorf and up near the Plaza struggle feebly for the remnants of aristocratic café patronage with a battercake juggler for window attraction.

And while shoppers desert the Avenue to lunch, an odd geyser of humanity spouts in the district above the Flatiron Building, where side street lofts are given over to the cloak and suit trade. This section is known as Bolsheviki Boulevard. Hundreds of foreign-born parade the pavements. Full-bosomed girls, thrilling to the new world, walk with

young men—stopping at push-carts to buy an ice-cream brick or a roasted potato on a stick.

Stooped old men, whose backs are bent from leaning over whirring machines, stroll together, their hands behind them. Also a few sit in shadowed doorways—puffing at narghiles and reading the Talmud. Newsboys cry the noonday Yiddish extras.

Fifth Avenue street characters offer an assortment as varied as the famous "Cries of London." Lavender Joe with his tray of sweet-smelling sachet. Mumbling Moe incased in six overcoats winter and summer and scanning the paves for pins. The aristocratic silver-haired carriage starter, genuflecting in front of Tiffany's. Theodore of the Ritz who rides to work in a limousine. The armless, sightless beggar who sways and smiles. The scholarly-appearing man with his tray of puppies. The hatless man in white. The barefoot peddler with Persian prayer-rugs.

Fifth Avenue displays its careless wealth in rows of boarded mansions, occupied only by caretakers, save for the opera season. The rest of the time tenants are away on their peregrinations to Europe, Florida, Newport.

Across from the East Drive of Central Park is "Millionaires' Row"—a somber stretch of million-dollar palaces. Colossal names strew the thoroughfare—Astor, Carnegie, Vanderbilt, Huntington, Rockefeller, Whitney and Gould.

Along the bridle path in the Park are fleeting glimpses of caracoling chargers carrying gaily-garbed riders. But always "the poor we have with us"—balloon women, popcorn venders and spindly-legged children from the slums around the corner.

It is at five o'clock, the parade hour, that Fifth Avenue is at its best. From a cross street near where the beautiful Plaza fountains rise and fall comes a coach and four.

Beside the driver on the front box sits a social queen—buxom and glacial. As they approach crossings the trumpeter bugles warning. The Avenue has begun to strut. They come from everywhere—this daily vesperal hour outpouring. Exquisite débutantes, synthetic ladies, exploitative women, and shop girls. Crones who vie with the ugliness of the St. Thomas frieze of gargoyles. Old men who mumble.

The spirit is that of the drum-major, heightened by a dash of feigned jocularity. It is vanity on a rampage—pride plus. In the windows of exclusive clubs—where babies go on the waiting list at birth—are starched and gouty old men, reclining in valetudinarian ease, twiddling thumbs as the parade goes by.

All the foibles of the style-mad are on display: The woman with a monocle. The woman with a cane. The woman who carries a sleeve dog. The sandaled woman with the white Russian wolfhound. The woman with a thimble pipe. The woman who leads a fox on a silver leash. And the woman from whose muff peeps a chattering marmoset.

Men with cold, rummaging eyes. Men in loose-fitting tweeds. Men with polo mallets. Men with feathers in their hats. Men in silk hats and lacquered shoes. Clerks in spats and carrying swagger-sticks. Magnates in frock coats. Fleshly yogis roaming for conquests. The oddly dressed dandy—perhaps a walking collar ad from Troy. Mimes and mountebanks. Millionaire. Beggar. Thief. A jostling, high-strung throng, teeming with hauteur and fiddle-faddle.

When the parade is over and the home-going thousands have passed, Fifth Avenue becomes strangely quiet, like Wall Street at dusk. The necklace of amber lights comes on. The army of watchmen eddy in from side streets and tap friendly greetings.

Mansion residents come out for dinner and the play. "Buttons" from the fashionable hotels air the prize-winning kiyoodles. Lovers saunter. Pigeons leave the cathedral eaves for the streets. Fifth Avenue, chameleon-like, has become Main Street.

Greenwich Village

COME for a stroll through New York's "Bohemia!" It is a cloistered spot a stone's throw from the city's roar where Art and Hokum struggle valiantly for the highest expression. Welcome to Greenwich Village!

Watch Tiny Tim, arch-apostle of indigestion, in tam and velveteen coat, sell his tray of "soul candy."

Olivette the cigarette girl, with cherry-red lips! The priceless Clivette, the Man in Black and his inspired daughter Sappho! Peter the smocked silhouette cutter!

Walt the caricaturist, who will sketch you as you dine. Diantha the bead girl. Jud the expressionist. Takiro the hatless Japanese poet. Fashion illustrators. Basket weavers. Brass pounders. Boys from Wanamaker's.

Hear Bobby Edwards carol in ribald song to the tune of his cigar-box ukulele:

> Way down south in Greenwich Village
> Where the spinsters come for thrillage!

The Village sprawls about the triangular squares that spread out from Washington Arch

where Fifth Avenue ends. There are Queen Anne cottages with ivy-clad lintels, musty stable studios, lean-to coffee shops and Colonial mansions with foot-scrapers and shiny brass knockers.

Here is a section of New York not swallowed up in the omnivorous maw of progress. It slumbers along with the picturesque dreamers, nurturing the shiftless and cradling the genius.

The keystone of the Village is the historic old Brevoort—the last stand of the glorified table d'hôte—with its tiny office gay with French feuilletons. Southward is the dreamy background of imposing peace and quiet, studded at night with the flaming cross of the Judson Memorial and the Hotel Judson, haven of struggling artists and writers. Nine out of ten famous writers and artists have lived there at some time in their lives.

It is when the first candle sputters in Grace Godwin's Garret that the Village awakes from the slow tides of sleep. At Washington Arch the lumbering buses unload their quota of timid sightseers. Stable doors open. The curtain goes up on the nightly show.

Short-haired ladies and long-haired men move across the Square to cheerful open hearths in the food caravanserais. The intellectual fires are burning.

In a far-away corner at Bertilotti's the smocked young man begins reading Freud. Tonight he seeks the ambiguous thrill in higher thought. Tomorrow he punches the time clock at Macy's.

The worn brick pavements fill with leisurely groups on their way to see John Barrymore's house right next to a stable. Ambidextrous guides lead their wide-eyed charges down the middle of narrow streets flanked with flapping wet wash.

In Frank Shay's bookshop the boy book reviewers, newspaper columnists and juvenile cynics are defending the suppressed and damning Sumner. While about the counters girls with slip-on dresses and ponderous horn glasses peep at tomes unexpurgated.

In Sheridan Square the auto salesman from Detroit hears the brigands roar under the buccaneering beams of Don's Pirate Den and lifts the loudest roar himself when he gets the check.

At The Mystic Shrine the sad-eyed lady lecturer reveals the phosphorous painting of the crucifixion. Her daughter is the reincarnation of Cleopatra and is inspired by Cleo to fashion reams of verse. She also dances odes to things and dies at the end of the dance, as is the custom.

In Barrow Street is the "secret" home of the intrepid Arctic explorer who seeks the quiet of the Village to soothe nerves, rubbed raw by civilization.

Around a corner is The Samovar, a low-ceiled old stable where prim old ladies gather —the last stand of lower Fifth Avenue's generation of lavender and old lace. Up the street a sawdust-coated place where young men exchange boutonnières.

And just off Macdougal Street the studio of Miss Margaret Wilson. Hard by The Bamboo Forest, where Chinese students from Columbia serve home-cooked native dishes and tutor those seeking to master the intricacies of Chinese.

The whole is a disorderly jumble of tea-rooms, coffee-houses and specialty shops. Each clashing the cymbals of Freedom.

A few yards of chintz, a coal-oil lamp and an iron kettle out front, and lo! a Village shop or tea-room.

Tommy's, The Wood Box, Vagabondia, The Mad Hatter, The Pepper Pot, The Jade Buddha, Peg's Pantry, The Pig and Whistle, The Red Head, The Blue Horse, The Flamingo, Romany Marie's, Jean's Dye Pot, and so on without end.

From the cobwebby attics and dank cellars come the sagacious and slovenly, the unfed and unwashed, whose only crime is "idealism."

Some to whom Art is the mightiest shibboleth and others to whom Art inspires the query: "Art who? What's his last name?"

Overexploited and undernourished, the Village greets Life with an Eva Tanguayish shrug of "I don't care!"

It will apparently be as unmoved over the master hand that paints the deathless canvas as it is over the unspeakable bordel a few doors away where men paint their lips.

What cares the Village if ladies stencil their stockings, shear their locks, rouge their knees or smoke thimble pipes? Or if the men go hatless, sockless and shirtless?

No elusive complex the Village pursues is so complex as the Village itself. As rakish as a pirate brig, it manages to streak hocus-pocus with the alloy of greatness.

Genius is combed from the attic as well as the parlor and many of the foremost poets, authors, painters and sculptors came from there.

Out of a tumble-down shack two years ago a penniless youth named Schwartz went forth to Rome with the Tiffany prize to pursue his studies in plenty.

It was at a corner table in The Mad Hatter that Hendrik van Loon patiently wrote "The Story of Mankind," and at the same table he drew his illustrations. O. Henry, too, wove many classic tales at the café tables.

In the salons you will find such gifted persons as Frederick MacMonnies, the sculptor, Rose O'Neill, mother of the Kewpies, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, and a host of others.

Few Village stores open during the day and the hubbub of trade rises in crescendo after the dinner hour. Here one may buy a ten-cent cigarette holder for a dollar and not

give a hang. After all, one must remember the "atmosphere."

There are batik gowns, hand-woven dresses, old samovars made week before last in New Jersey, metal work, lamp-shades, "new" antiques, naughty pictures and trick ukuleles.

After the shopping hour, the alley theaters, with dramas sometimes classic but more often guttery, draw their heavy audiences, who are unconcerned over the hard bench seats and gunnysack curtains as they thrill to Art's Great Impetus.

There is Harry Kemp's shrine of art with the vagabond poet selling tickets, passing programs and taking part in the play.

Butler Davenport a little north of the Village has his Bramhall Players with Davenport directing, acting, producing and sleeping upstairs. If you like the play, drop a coin in the collection plate when the curtain falls.

Too, the Provincetown Players, who paved the way for Eugene O'Neill to Broadway. Here is an institutional flower that grew in the bog—giving the Rialto astounding plays.

After the play, to the Club Gallant, that aristocratic haunt of Barney Gallant, the

Village Mayor. A shrewd little Hungarian, with a Piccadilly accent and Chesterfieldian manners, a writer, painter, and scholar.

A six by four stage with a Continental review and a female Balieff. Intimate and cozy, and one may find a sprinkling of Broadway's Who's Who willing to step out on the Lilliputian dance floor and "do their stuff."

One sees the circusy side of the Village and chuckles. And then turns down one of the quiet streets going home to see silhouetted figures in studio windows—patiently sculpturing, painting and scribbling until dawn pinks the sky.

And one wonders and wonders!

Tin Pan Alley

WESTWARD from Broadway in Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh streets is Tin Pan Alley—America's Bingo-Bango Land.

Here the decaying brownstone fronts of an older New York are honeycombed with box-like stalls, and in these stuffy stalls ebullient, perspiring and coatless young men fashion the nation's popular tunes.

Tin Pan Alley has the feverish energy of the "hell-roaring" gold camp. It races along like a mill stream. The strident jangle of a hundred pianos rises above the street din. Like its raggy-gay creations, life in Tin Pan Alley is pitched in a high and furious tempo.

In the "Alley," Youth is king! Most of the present crop of lyricists and composers are of the Jewish faith. Generally speaking, it is a sophisticated crew given to pomades, belted coats and the sartorial flippancies of the "street that whips the universe"—Broadway.

Irving Berlin, the dean, is only in his early thirties. He began his career pounding a

tinny piano for pitched nickels in Nigger Mike Salter's sawdust-coated emporium in Chinatown.

From this obscurity "Little Izzy," as Chinatown knew him, has become the master syncopater of his day. A million-dollar theater bears his name.

He typifies the romance of popular song writing. Born in Russia, this frail young man with dreaming, sad eyes has gathered a fortune composing tintinnabulations for a jazz-mad age.

Tortured by insomnia, he is rarely seen in public, and when he is he moves about like Banquo's ghost, lost in reverie.

There is little flubdubbery among the "ivory benders." They have no illusions about their art nor do they claim membership in the intelligentsia. Any number of them have never had a music lesson, and the harmonies that drip from their busy fingers are often inspired, they confess, by the old masters and jazzed up in the syncopating style of the period. Plagiarism is not in the Tin Pan Alley lexicon.

Beethoven, Schubert and Liszt have done their bit for the Alley. The deathless opus of

the master may become a dreamy, peachy banality in the Tin Pan Alley adaptation.

One of the most accomplished composers of jazz-stratagems picks out his tunes on a zither. Another is able to play only the harmonica. Earl Carroll plays the piano with one finger. Dave Stamper learned to play by ear while "slinging beer" at Coney Island.

Gene Buck, the most successful of lyricists, began his career in Tin Pan Alley drawing water-color pictures for song title pages. Bud De Silva was a theater usher. George Gershwin, a salesman; Ballard MacDonald, a clerk.

Tin Pan Alley has no potential Paderewski. Song writing is no longer art but a highly sensitized commercial venture. 'Tis said everyone at some time or other has a fling at song writing. Many are called but few are chosen. It is well-nigh impossible for the outsider to crash into the charmed circle.

In all America only about two hundred stand out in their profession. The greater number of these are attached to composing staffs of music publishing houses or are retained by musical show producers. The average income is around $20,000 a year. Not

more than ten song writers have had huge financial returns.

The modern song writer is more of a psychologist than a musician. He knows a few tricks such as making "moon" rhyme with "spoon," but his chief asset is an understanding of the caprices of the musical taste.

When mammy songs give way to mummy songs to hail King Tut, he must be ready with an Egyptian theme. The rest is easy. Almost any song can be put over by Tin Pan Alley's battery of song pluggers. Written in the Alley, they are popularized in the cabaret and on the stage. Such finished troubadours as Al Jolson and Eddie Cantor can make a nation sing and whistle the most piffling twaddle.

Tin Pan Alley is far removed from the days when "wonderful boy sopranos" and "America's favorite baritones" sang "The Picture That Is Turned to the Wall" and "The Sunshine of Paradise Alley" with strolling minstrels.

Lillian Russell's "Evening Star," Fay Templeton's "Blushing Rose," Pete Dailey's "Dinah!" and Fritz Williams's "Pullman Porters' Ball" were popular, but the phono-

graph was not, and the most obscure song of the season today will make more money than any one of them did.

The blind musician who wrote "The Sidewalks of New York" made less than $100. The song today, with the same popularity backed by the Alley's dynamic selling power, would make a half-million. Paul Whiteman's estimable jazz band, playing it a week at the Palais Royal, would result in a sale of one hundred thousand copies.

America's youngest song writer, little Betty Gulick, of Brooklyn, aged ten, made $10,000 this year with a song that had lyrics about a mother singing her child to sleep.

In the beginning the popular song had to have one of two qualities—the exotic and romantic, or the sentimental.

Charles K. Harris wrote "After the Ball" and made Tin Pan Alley's first fortune. Came such songs as "Good-by, Dolly Gray," "Break the News to Mother" and "In the Baggage Coach Ahead." America was in a sentimental snivel after the reign of such senseless hyperbole as "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!"

It thrilled to the tawdry sentimentality of

"The Curse of an Aching Heart" and "My Mother Was a Lady."

It is quite easy to imagine that such songs would fall short of the mark today. Again the public's capricious taste; for only two years ago a song called "They Needed a Songbird in Heaven—So God Took Caruso Away" had a wide sale.

Then the love theme gained ascendancy. Albert Von Tilzer wrote "Take Me Out to the Ball Game!" and garnered $50,000. "In the Good Old Summer Time" and "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree" swept the country, and every lovesick Romeo played them on his mandolin under "her" window at night.

Next came ragtime. It was simple in structure and composed in part from negro melodies. The most sensational ragtime hit was "Alexander's Ragtime Band," written by Irving Berlin. It made him nearly a half-million dollars. Perhaps Berlin's most ambitious effort was "When I Lost You!" written in his hour of almost inconsolable grief for the death of his young bride.

Berlin tells me that in his opinion the best ragtime song ever written was "Waiting for

the Robert E. Lee," the work of the late Louis Muir. It is Berlin's favorite tune and was indeed the pioneer of our present two-four syncopated melodies.

The next period was that of the song which had a double meaning. It began with "I Love My Wife, But Oh! You Kid!" Others of the period included "My Wife's Gone to the Country. Hooray! Hooray!" "Who Paid the Rent for Mrs. Rip Van Winkle When Rip Van Winkle Went Away?" "Who Are You With Tonight?" (incidentally, it was not written "Whom"), "Billy" and "Experience," and others of that type.

These songs were of an audacious mold with salacious implications, and to the credit of Tin Pan Alley were stopped by its organization—the Song Writers' Association.

Just now America is in the throes of a senseless song era. It is music on a bust. They say it with music—the words don't count.

Two members of a jazz band at Murray's old restaurant composed "Yes, We Have No Bananas!"—a slang phrase popularized by Tad, the cartoonist—and it swept the country like wildfire, making a fortune. The first

royalty split of this meaningless ditty was $60,000. To this will be added the one hundred thousand phonograph record sales. The publisher was doubtful of the song winning its way. So much so indeed that he organized an auxiliary company so that the stigma of failure would not be his.

The composers, Frank Silver and Irving Cohn popped into world-wide fame overnight. It is such instances as this that make Tin Pan Alley a modern El Dorado.

Von Tilzer's nut song "Oh, by Jingo!" has sold more than two million copies. Sophie Tucker, singing "Tut, Tut, Tut" and "He May Be Your Man But He Comes to See Me Sometimes," has caused them to reach a high mark. The "sweetie" songs had a big rage.

These are inane tunes filled with pure rum-tum-tiddy. They followed the war period, the quick, revolutionizing changes, and have furnished an emotional outlet for the desire to forget a world wet with blood and tears.

The masters of Tin Pan Alley will tell you that they merely follow the public taste. Once they tried to plug the dripping sentiment with irony and produced this classic:

Then to him these proud words this girl did say:
Farewell, villain, go your way,
For I can no longer stay,
Though you may be a marquis or a earl
You may tempt the upper classes
With your villainous demi-tasses,
But Heaven Will Protect the Working Girl!

The public rebelled. As Tin Pan Alley says, "It cried for its hokum!" And that is what it gets.

Ziggy

TO THE theater public he is Florenz Ziegfeld, Junior. Broadway pretenders to wisdom call him "Flo." But to his handful of intimates he is "Ziggy."

He is the Rialto's enigma—Ziggy, the mercurial, glum and smileless "glorifier of the American girl."

During several years of intimate association as a sort of Boswell, I have seen him smile twice. Once when Irving Berlin missed a piano stool and again when his daughter called him by long-distance telephone. I doubt if anyone ever heard him laugh a real, hearty laugh.

Ziggy appeared on the Rialto about twenty-five years ago. His office was under his hat. Nobody could ever find him then, and he is the most difficult man to find in New York today.

He is the most vacillating human being I ever saw. I have watched him shape one Follies after another. The rehearsals are a bedlam. No one apparently knows what is

going on, least of all Ziggy. Each Follies, before the opening night, has been a potential "flop." Yet Ziggy has the habit of landing on his feet, and the première reveals a smooth performance.

And while he has his directors and coterie of theatrical advisers, Ziggy runs the show.

He began his showmanship with a whirlwind tour of the country, presenting Sandow, the strong man. From the proceeds of this quixotic adventure he garnered enough to spend five years in Paris and returned broke. Over there he had met Anna Held, a rather obscure chantress of the music halls. Ziggy brought her to America and with an avalanche of publicity, including the famous "milk bath," sent her hurtling to fame and fortune.

Since then he has been identified chiefly with the revue as typified by the Follies.

Ziggy is fifty-five years old. He is tall and straight as an arrow. His hair, which he parts in the middle, has turned iron-gray and he invariably wears shirts of an exotic lavender with collars to match. He has a whining voice like that of a spoiled child, and is addicted to exquisitely blended Parisian perfumes.

No millionaire in New York lives in greater splendor than Ziggy. His country home, Burkeley Crest, named for his wife, Billie Burke, the actress, is one of the show places of aristocratic Hastings-on-Hudson. He maintains a suite at the Ritz-Carlton and has a $20,000-a-year apartment on Park Avenue a few blocks away, a residence on the Bois in Paris, and his Villa Firenze at Palm Beach. There are six Rolls-Royce cars in his garage aside from one especially built French model.

In earlier days he was a devoted patron of the gaming-table and has been known to drop $50,000 at one sitting. Several times his forays at Monte Carlo caused a mild European sensation.

His profligacy at times is amusing. I once saw him depart for Palm Beach with his family. He had two private cars, four maids, a valet, a tutor, a nurse and 110 trunks. He took along a Shetland pony and two pet dogs for his eight-year-old daughter, Patricia.

Ziggy has no office hours. He is as likely to come to his office in the New Amsterdam Theater building at seven o'clock at night as he is at seven in the morning.

He is ruthless in breaking appointments. I remember one day when twelve men of some theatrical importance had been asked to come to his office at the same hour. While they cooled their heels in the outer office, Ziggy was selecting silk house-robes in a Fifth Avenue shop. He never apologizes and rarely offends.

Despite his haphazard manner he has an uncanny way of keeping his finger on the pulse of his enterprises. He has a way, too, of becoming absorbed by a single and apparently unimportant idea.

I was in his office one day when "Sally" was playing in Boston. Ziggy had the fixed notion that one of the expensive costumes worn by Marilyn Miller, the star, needed refurbishing.

A Follies was in rehearsal and time was precious. He first wired Miss Miller, suggesting that the frock be sent to a cleaning establishment. Then he phoned the company manager. In succession, he then called the wardrobe mistress, the stage-manager and Miss Miller herself on the telephone. And as an afterthought sent a telegram to the cleaning establishment and called the manager. That night a special envoy took a night

train for Boston to see that his commission was executed.

Ziggy has perhaps paid the highest salaries, with few exceptions, of any producer on Broadway. One day he signed a contract that by a percentage arrangement gave a star in his constellation $8,000 a week. The next day he was fuming because he thought a chorus girl was being paid five dollars a week too much.

He is as temperamental as a prima donna and as vain as a peacock. Any critic who slights his art is forever anathema. Ziggy will write him caustic letters and jeering telegrams.

There was a time when Ziggy and I came to the parting of our business relations. He had, knowing I was a late sleeper, an irritating habit of arousing me by telephone from Hastings at seven in the morning. I am not overly companionable, "coming out of the ether" at that hour, and each of us was rather testy.

There was an exchange of curt epistles during the day referring to one another as amiable so-and-so's. Three days passed *incomunicado*. The fourth evening Ziggy rang up, making no reference to the late unpleasantness, and relations were resumed.

When, owing to the press of other duties, we severed our association pleasantly and permanently, I happened to be in Paris. He was also there and there was a note in my letter-box, regarding something he wished me to do. It was necessary to remind him that our business association had ceased.

Ziggy is childishly fretful and has mild delusions of grandeur. He thrives on the turgid puff of the press. Headlines and pictures concerning himself or his activities make him purr with delight, and yet in public he is as bashful as a country lout.

One night at a Follies opening he was standing in the wings. Eddie Cantor was being called back for about the tenth bow, and he grabbed Ziggy by the arm and yanked him before the sea of faces. Ziggy was in bed for three days afterwards from the shock.

On another occasion he sailed for Europe. Photographers were at the pier and snapped him along with other celebrities. The ship news men interviewed him. What Park Row calls "a whale of a yarn" broke that night and all reference to Ziegfeld was omitted. After he arrived in London and had had time to read

the New York newspapers, which didn't have a line about him, he sent me the following cable:

"Sorry you sneaked me out of New York."

To me that was the nearest to a sense of humor that Ziggy ever displayed.

He constantly grieves over fancied wrongs. Time after time he has achieved the first pages by announcing that he had produced his last show; that he was through with actors. And he believed it—at the time.

He thinks in terms of the big red headline. When he became a producer, the Sunday newspapers lost a great "idea man." He will, with his tongue in his cheek, forbid Follies girls to use cosmetics—for publicity purposes only—and the news is first-paged from coast to coast with acres of follow-up stories.

He is a prodigious user of the telegraph, cable and telephone. He has called me from Palm Beach by telephone three times in a half day. I have heard him dictate cables that ran into hundreds of dollars regarding some triviality.

Ziggy is harsh in disciplining the gay-hearted creatures who form the high light of

his revues; and yet when one of them is involved in some peccadillo, he is the first to rush to the defense.

He is one of the oddest characters the Rialto has ever seen. Despite the fact that he is a poseur, he stands supreme in his particular art of the theater. His gift for stage necromancy—beautiful girls melting into beautiful scenes with vivid splashes of color—is superb. His "blind spot" is humor.

Ziggy has at times the mind of the poet and seems untouched by the jangle of life about him. He is an esthete concerning color, lighting and feminine beauty, yet the last time I saw him he was going to the World's "Serious," as he and Ring Lardner's friend Al pronounce it.

What My Dog Taught Me

Brothers and sisters, I bid you beware
Of giving your hearts to a dog to tear!

SO WROTE Kipling in an excellent elegiac. I happen to be a dog lover who does not believe in that warning. Eight of the happiest years of my life were spent in the almost constant companionship of a devoted dog.

When he was taken from me, cruelly but with merciful swiftness, it was a terrific heart-wrench. For two days I grieved inconsolably. For weeks I walked the streets at night, trying to get hold of myself.

Yet now, when Time has dulled the pain, I can truthfully say that the joy and understanding my dog brought into my life more than compensated for the sorrow of his passing. For my dog taught me many things as enduring as the ages. Outside of the Divine relationship and the human, I know of no influence so ennobling as our relationship with a dog.

My dog's name was Junior. He was a

Boston bulldog, weighing twenty-four pounds, with a blazed muzzle, white collar, and feet tipped with white. His coat was the glossy brown of an autumn leaf. He had a lovable lop ear that perked with quizzical abandon. He was full of joyous life and never outgrew his prankishness.

I picked him up in a Fifth Avenue dog shop in much the same manner that one buys a trinket. I thought he was "cute-looking." He was then four weeks old and trotted sideways with mock seriousness. I took him home in my overcoat pocket.

From that day on, for eight years, he played a big part in my life. He came to understand me better than most of my human associates did. He knew his time for play and my time for work. He did not trespass.

For six years he never varied five minutes, at the stroke of five o'clock in the evening, in coming to me with his rubber ball in his mouth, squatting at my feet, tail wagging, and whining softly. That was his hour for a romp. He demanded his hour.

One of my great faults had always been a lack of punctuality. I was distressingly

derelict in keeping appointments, and this had strained many of my friendships—but I was always on the dot to keep the romping appointment with Junior! One day I got to thinking about this, and the result was that I became more careful, when it came to punctuality. Surely I should show humans as much consideration as I showed my dog.

During the war I taught Junior a rather simple trick that always elicited wonder. He would sit in a chair and I would break off bits of bread, which I handed to him. I would say, "This is from King Albert!" He would gulp it down. "This is from President Wilson!" And so I would go on, perhaps naming those who were watching him at the time. He would gulp down every morsel. But when I said in exactly the same tone, "This is from the Kaiser!" he would turn his head away and refuse to eat it. The explanation was that I had taught him to interpret the word "Kaiser" as having the same meaning as "Don't."

There was a German waiter at my hotel who, having heard of this trick, resented it very much. And one day, as I was going out of the hotel, Junior being quite a bit ahead of

me, this waiter kicked at him. I rushed up with vigorous remonstrance. To my surprise Junior growled his disapproval of *me!* He could not bear enmity. He loved every man, woman, and child.

The waiter offered an abject apology and became one of the dog's best friends. He even wrote me a letter of sympathy when Junior passed on.

For several years, Junior and his mistress and I used to walk around the gravel path of the Central Park reservoir in New York at dusk, after his romp. At such times I would permit him to frolic and roll in the grass, unleashed and unmuzzled. He loved to scamper after pigeons and other birds, but would come back when I called him.

One evening, however, he disappeared in a clump of bushes and refused to come out at my call and whistles. I followed him, and found him squatting beside a stray dog that had been injured by a passing automobile. We called the Bide-a-Wee Home, and the hurt creature was removed to it. Here he at length recovered and later a good home was found for him.

As we continued our walk that evening Junior soon forgot the incident, but as for me I had some moments of serious introspection. How often, I asked myself, had *I* stopped along the roadside to comfort the stricken and forlorn?

We did not continue the walk home just then. Instead, we left the perfumed purlieus of Millionaires' Row, wandered over to the squalid section of New York's East Side, and mounted the rickety stairs of a crowded tenement. There we sat at the bedside of an old cobbler who had lived in our neighborhood, but who had been stricken with a fatal illness. We paid his small rent, had some food sent to him, and were occasional visitors until the end.

I can honestly say that the visit we made that night helped me to find a new meaning in existence. It is true that it came from a twinge of conscience at a rather selfish life, and was inspired by a dog. But I rejoice, just the same. I do not do so much of that sort of thing as I should, but the credit for what little I have done is due to Junior.

With one exception, this dog of mine had

perfect manners; no matter who came to our door, he would rush at them and bark. It was the only thing for which he was ever given a whipping or a scolding. Yet he would not quit it.

There was much annoyance about this, for some strangers were badly frightened. The truth is that it was Junior's way of expressing his pleasure, his happy greeting and welcome. He refused, no matter what the odds, to curb his enthusiasm over the prospect of making a new friend. And no one ever left him without being his friend.

He was a remarkably healthy dog. He had none of the sicknesses of puppyhood—distemper and the like. I believed this was due to our care of him. He was fed twice a day, at noon and at midnight. We always kept him just a little bit hungry. Most of his food consisted of prepared puppy biscuits, with now and then a variation of chopped vegetables. Potatoes and sweets were denied him. He was exercised regularly and often.

His only illness displayed the heroic courage that characterized him until his death. One evening his mistress and I came home after the

theater, and when we opened the door we missed his welcoming rush and bark.

We found him lying on the floor of the bathroom in a pool of blood. When I bent over him there was a feeble thump of his tail, as much as to say, "Don't worry!" His eyes were glazing and I knew he was in a desperate state. We worked over him several hours, and finally, in a wobbly manner, he stood up, walked unsteadily to the bedroom and picked up his play ball, as if to say, "See, I'm all right!" In a half-hour he had another hemorrhage. With uncanny instinct, he rushed into the tile bathroom, so as not to injure the carpet! Fortunately, he recovered quickly from his attack, and in two days seemed as well as ever.

Dogs are unerring in reflecting the characters of their master and mistress. To Junior I represented the play spirit—the romp and flapdoodle. He was somewhat of a roughneck in his relations with me. But with his mistress he was always gentle and careful.

One of the important lessons Junior taught me was to have more faith in my fellow beings. I had for years knocked about as a newspaper

reporter and had acquired that veneer of cynicism that is typical of the craft. I had a rather "smart-Alecky" attitude of "having to be shown."

Now, I am the average human being—as likely to err as the rest. But I found that with Junior, *because of his implicit faith in me,* I never attempted trickery! I could not bear to abuse that rare confidence. And this set me to thinking that if we humans displayed the same faith in our fellows we should be less likely to have that confidence abused.

It was along about this time that a rather important matter came up in my business life. I had a decided distrust of a certain man who was associated with me in this deal. So I determined to adopt Junior's attitude of implicit faith. I carried out the determination and, although I have heard many stories of that man's unfair dealings with others, he played absolutely square with *me* in every way.

Here is one incident which I hesitate to tell. More than likely it was the merest coincidence —but it is set down here just as it happened: Junior accompanied me one summer to my

little home town in Missouri, and together we went one afternoon to the cemetery to visit the grave of my mother.

It had been a number of years since I had been there, and the place had become so strange to me that I wandered around for a half-hour or so in an effort to find the grave. Finally I gave it up as hopeless. Looking around for Junior, I saw him lying down about one hundred yards away. He didn't seem inclined to come to me, so I went to him. And I found that he was resting at the side of my mother's grave!

I told this to a Frenchman one day in Paris after the war.

"My friend," he said, "that is not unusual. When my boy went to war, a neighbor's son—who was also leaving for the front—left his dog with us, as his parents were moving to another village. My son was killed, was buried hastily near Ypres. The dog did not know him except as a passing neighbor. After the war was ended, I went to Ypres to look for my son's grave, and the dog went with me. I searched for a long time—in vain. Meanwhile the dog had disappeared. When I

found him again, he was standing beside the cross that marked my son's grave."

Junior was quite a traveler for a dog. He enjoyed traveling in the baggage car, for he always made friends with mail clerks and baggagemen. He loved new acquaintances Returning one time from California, he happened to fall in with a Santa Fé baggageman with whom, on another occasion, he had made a trip from Chicago to Kansas City. He recognized the man at once and barked his joyous greeting. At first, he had plenty of room in the car, but at Albuquerque, they took on two coffins, and Junior was forced to occupy a small space high up on a trunk.

Before the coffins were put on that train, he had welcomed everyone to the baggage coach. But late that night, after we had passed Albuquerque, the Pullman conductor roused me and said that the dog was showing signs of viciousness. He would not let the baggagemen or other trainmen pass the grilled compartment where the baggage was kept. He even growled at me when I went to see what the trouble was. At the time, I didn't even pretend to understand it, nor do I now. Possibly

his uncomfortable position had irritated him beyond endurance, but an old engineer, who had strolled back to see about the delay in moving the baggage, said:

"He's guardin' them bodies. Dogs will do that!"

This may have been a mere conjecture, but the coffins were removed in Kansas, and after that the dog was frisky as ever all the way to Chicago.

During Junior's puppy days I was living at a family hotel on Central Park West, New York City. A jovial policeman, known as "Big John," was the traffic guard at the Seventy-second Street entrance to Central Park. He and Junior became fast friends, and often, at John's solicitation, the dog would sit beside him as he guided the flow of traffic.

After we moved to another part of the town there was a lapse of five years in which Junior did not see Big John. Then one night I happened to be calling on a friend on Riverside Drive, and upon leaving his place I had to walk several blocks to find a taxicab. As I was passing a corner, Junior began tugging at the leash and whining his pleasure over some-

thing. It was dark, and I thought perhaps he had scented a dog on the opposite side of the Drive. I pulled him along and scolded him, but he kept looking back and pulling at his leash.

Finally I decided to find out what the matter was, so I permitted him to guide me. He went straight to the center of the street and began jumping up on a man who was standing there. It was his old friend Big John, the policeman.

It is through Junior's teaching that I make it a point to keep in touch with old and valued friends. In a big city like New York we are likely to lose track of them, even though it isn't much trouble to give them a ring on the telephone now and then, or to drop them a line of greeting.

I have said that Junior liked everyone. That is not strictly true. But in his many years of meeting hundreds of people there was only one exception.

In the neighborhood of Grand Central Station I used to go to one of those rather gaudy shops filled with nuts, bonbons, bright-jacketed books, magazines, and souvenirs. The

proprietor was a Turk. He wore a fez while on duty, and I never entered the store that the hair did not rise on Junior's back. Several times the Turk would attempt to pat him, but Junior would utter a low, menacing growl. I assumed that it was because of the man's foreign appearance, or perhaps it was the red cap he wore. It finally caused me so much embarrassment that I stopped going to that store.

This all happened several years ago. Then about three months before Junior went where good dogs go, I picked up a New York newspaper. On an inside page was an article headed thus:

S. P. C. A. CAUSES ARREST OF TURK FOR CRUELTY TO DOGS

The article went on to relate that the proprietor of this same souvenir shop that I had visited, and where Junior showed such displeasure, had been arrested at his home in Grand Street for whipping a dog with a whip that had a leaden slug as a tip!

It is indeed a typical dog trait to sense the

ignoble. Dogs have an uncanny instinct about such things. They scent character.

There was a pretty little girl cousin of mine whom Junior loved with that unswerving fidelity that was his. She helped to take care of him, and together they had many happy walks. She came to see him at a certain hour every day. And it mattered not who was in the house or what attraction was offered, when the time came for his little friend to arrive, Junior was at the front door, his head pillowed between his paws—watching and waiting for Josephine.

I know it would be ridiculous to say that dogs know time, but I do know they sense it. I am a late sleeper. So was Junior, all his life. But at eleven o'clock each morning, he was up on my bed, gently licking my hand. I have been awakened by him scores of times, in this fashion—and almost invariably have found it to be just eleven o'clock.

After he had awakened me, he would lie down at the foot of the bed, waiting for my slightest move, so that he could jump up and get his rubber ball—for Junior had a romp both morning and evening.

I can recall only once that Junior did not insist upon his romp. It had been for me a particularly trying day. I had been notified of a money loss through my mistaken trust in a friend, and on top of that had come one of the most grievous disappointments I had ever suffered. There appeared to me to be no silver lining to the cloud. I groped about all day in a fog of mental miasma. At four o'clock came the news of the death of a close friend.

That was the final straw. I went into my bedroom, lay down on the bed, and wept. About half an hour later I went to my typewriter to do some work that had to be done.

When it came five o'clock, the usual hour for Junior to rub his nose against my hand as the signal to romp, he remained quietly at my feet. Now and then, he looked up at me with a quizzical expression, but he did not move from his place. Finally, feeling a bit guilty, I got his ball and started to toss it for him. Junior made a few half-hearted starts—then he came back and lay down at my feet. He knew I was in no mood for play.

If that was not a supreme lesson in consideration for others I don't know what is.

I come to the final chapter of Junior's life with tears that are shed unashamed. As I have said, he was my constant companion for eight happy years. My longest absence from him was when I was in Europe, where the quarantine regulations are so strict that it is quite unfair and selfish to take a dog there.

Junior, like all good dogs, was faithful to the end. He died obeying my command—which made his loss all the more tragic to me.

During the afternoon we had taken a walk in the bright sunshine that dappled Fifth Avenue. He was especially frisky and joyous.

Had he known that such a cruel death awaited him I do not believe he would have been otherwise, for Junior, I'm sure, would never have shown fear—even of the King of Terrors.

I left him after his evening romp and was away until shortly after midnight. Upon my return his greeting was, it seemed to me, especially joyous. It was so joyous, in fact, that it indirectly led to his death. Shortly before I arrived, a servant had taken him out for a walk. But he was so glad to see me and he loved so to go out late at night without a

muzzle or a leash on that I humored him, and we went out again, together. At that hour there was very little traffic on Fifth Avenue, and Junior ran far ahead of me. He had been trained to wait at curbings when unleashed, until he received the command "Go," then he would race across the street like a flash.

At the corner of Forty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue I stepped to the curb, looked both ways for signs of traffic and, seeing none, shouted *"Go!"*

Junior was off at a bound. At that instant, a party of reckless joy-riders in a heavy touring car swung madly around the corner, and both wheels on one side passed over his body. There was a jeer of derision as the car shot northward—the tail lights gleaming red in the night.

Junior staggered to his feet, and as I lifted him in my arms he looked up with his soft pleading eyes, begging for the help I could not give. Hailing a taxicab, I hurried to my hotel, a few blocks away. But before I reached there, he had died—without even a whimper of pain.

He lies buried today in the picturesque little

dog cemetery on the sloping hills of Hartsdale, New York.

Above him are the green grass, the whispering trees, and a stone carved with this inscription:

Junior—Faithful to the end!

A Love Story of the Wickedest

THIS is the story of a Broadway love—a love that began and grew where the white-hot lights beat their fiercest. It is the story of an immigrant girl and a man about town and how their paths crossed in the Rabelaisian muck of the cafés and supper clubs, the gleaners and wastrels, and now stands as a symbol of devotion along the way that is white.

She came over to America in the steerage, a shawled peasant from Poland, bright-eyed and vibrant with health and girlish freshness.

With her father she drifted to the primitive atmosphere of the laboring camps in the Middle West and there her life in America began.

Her associates were big-chested laborers, the polyglot crew drawn from all corners of the world—men who drank their liquor raw. Among them she spent her girlhood.

She danced in the dives, sang their ribald songs of love-crazed men and faithless

women, and gathered the pitched nickels and dimes of beer-guzzling patrons.

Men greeted her, not with the deference due maidenhood, but with coarse and vulgarly good-natured jests. She was the toast of the brothels—the belle of a hell-roaring camp.

And all the while she laughed with a lump in her throat and at night crept into her box-car shack and wept the tears of the bruised and beaten.

Came a day when she went to a Mid-West city. Here, like water, she was forced to seek her level—the cheap cabarets, the saloon back room and the honky-tonks. And she continued to dance and sing for the sodden habitués.

She learned the songs of the levees—the crooning weird chants of the roustabouts—and made her own interpolations and swayed her lithe body sinuously to the plaintive moans and eerie half minors.

Slumming parties beat a path to her. They came in fine clothes to see the wisp of a girl with a half-frightened look and the grace of a wild gazelle.

Many miles away Broadway was in the midst of a cabaret craze. Scouts were search-

ing for new thrills. The little Polish girl's fame trickled eastward. A theatrical agent went West to see her and from the bagnio she floated like a puffball into a Broadway old-rose and gilt dansant.

Here she became a coon-shouting "shimmy shaker," a singer of the bluest "blues." It was something new for a sin-stained street—a girl whose dancing combined the wisdom of the serpent and the naive charm of the dove.

And then she met him.

He is a man who has seen much of the world. Out of journalism he had drifted into the management of a chain of gilded cafés and supper clubs. He had become rich, judged even by New York standards.

He saw in the frail girl who danced so madly, so earnestly and with such reckless abandon a star in the making. He fell in love with her and her success became his consuming passion.

Her name went up in electric lights. Page advertisements brought blasé pleasure-seekers to the ringside tables. Her name swung from lip to lip. She had become an overnight sensation.

Boulevardiers sought the warmth of her smile and she came nightly to dance her sensuous dances, agleam with diamonds and riding in an imported car with a liveried chauffeur.

Carte blanche was given to Fifth Avenue dressmakers. Thread-bare cloth was discarded for silks and satins. Sable, paradise plumes, gowns from Paris—all were lavished upon her.

And over in the Roaring Forties workmen were fashioning a new supper club to be named in her honor. It was a club the like of which New York had never seen before. The best decorators splashed it with colorful brocades, vivid and alluring. And the immigrant girl was the nightly attraction.

Her rendezvous became the most exclusive haunt in the city. Only 150 were permitted to sit at the tiny tables and those who came paid double the price of the most expensive theatrical attractions in town.

In a quiet street, an aristocratic neighborhood, he built a love nest. Here she rules as queen. It's a ménage that is noteworthy in a city marked for its elegance. And it is here that they spend their happiest hours.

His faith in her is a faith that Broadway has never seen before. He believes there is no pinnacle of success she cannot reach. His enthusiasm for her dancing and her singing is boundless. He talks of nothing else; he has the faith that moves mountains. She never dances but that somewhere out in the audience he is watching. No success means anything to him save hers.

And as she goes on upward and upward, spurred by his indomitable confidence, cynical Broadway waits patiently for the usual shattered romance.

There is only one cloud in the immigrant girl's life and patiently he is rolling it away. For he understands. He knows her bitter years of struggle against poverty.

He knows the environment of her early life.

"She never had any childhood," he says with just a suspicion of tremor in his voice. "That's a terrible thing for anyone—never to have had any childhood."

And now in the roseate days she has met fine women, cultured men at homes, closed except to the pick of the Social Register. Society likes to welcome its sprinkling of popular

public entertainers. She is popular and is invited.

She wants to be like them.

And so——

She is learning to read and write.

He is her teacher. He reads the Mother Goose jingles which she slowly and patiently spells out letter by letter. She has learned to form letters in a childish, amateur way—and the letters spell words that are symbols of her love for him and her own happiness.

Many nights she goes home from the flashy opulence of the café and its applause to sit at his feet and hear the wonders of Grimm's Fairy Tales. She is the girl, you remember, who never had any childhood, and her eyes light with a new sort of happiness.

On one of her recent birthdays he presented to her a de luxe edition of Robinson Crusoe with the loving inscription of hope that she would soon be able to master its pages. A rope of pearls was beside the book, but when he came home it was the book that she held while her eyes glistened with gratitude.

There was another night when, after her midnight performance, she accompanied him

to the magnificent home of a Polish countess. She wore the most dazzling gown and jewelry in the brilliant assemblage.

There was a moment in the reception room when she was left alone with her hostess. Time rolled back to the days of Polish peasantry. She was suddenly abashed—and humbly curtsied. She was a peasant girl, magically transported to a fairy land.

But at the dinner, when the glasses were lifted and she looked into his understanding eyes, she could not resist the happy little cry:

"In America all are equal."

From the supper club she has gone on to stardom in the supremest of the musical revues. She melts into beautiful tropical scenes—still dancing the sensuous dances and singing the vagrant levee tunes of the honky-tonk days.

And some day soon a theater will lift its façade to the Broadway heavens—a theater built for her and bearing her name.

It will herald to the world that after all there is such a thing as love in one of the world's wickedest streets.

And that faith is still moving its mountains.

Camping Out

MY UNCLE—the one who made the round trip to Denver but withal is democratic and easy to meet—has been imploring me to see more of the world.

He bulges with quaint aphorisms and things. Such as "Don't get in a rut!" and "Travel broadens the mind."

So, heeding the avuncular admonition, I recently trekked out to what Broadway calls "the sticks." You know, west of Hoboken!

The first stop was in Chicago. I was there last with Uncle during the World's Fair. While he was out buying the Masonic Temple I was hopping registers in the hotel lobby.

Of course, I was a callow youth then. Fate had not long before yanked me away from the business end of a Missouri plow. But years in New York had applied a coating of sophistry. Some folks even referred to me as a typical New Yorker. (A typical New Yorker is one who permits a Tarzan of the Apes to snatch his hat in a café, calls Florenz Ziegfeld "Flo" and Delmonico's "Del's.")

I wore my russet-brown greatcoat, vulgarly termed the overcoat, my pearl-white London hat, and I carried with a certain Fifth Avenue swank an ivory-knobbed cane.

As the final "wow" I wore a zebra-striped collar. It was the one that caused a dowager at a theatrical first night to lift her lorgnette at me from a box and exclaim, "Fawncy!" I'll say it is. Also giddy.

At the Chicago terminal—or whatever they are calling depots these days—I spurned vehicular conveyances to walk to my hotel. Going down a flight of steps my cane mixed up with my traveling bag and I snapped into a little Chaplin dance.

Some rough—at least he lacked everyday niceties—person shouted, "Don't let it throw you, cowboy." That was silly. I never rode the range in my life.

It was an auspicious moment that I turned into Michigan Boulevard. The famous thoroughfare was flooded with bright afternoon sunshine and lively with promenaders.

Inconsequential, but *en passant*—there's a neatly turned eight-dollar phrase for you—I noticed a vivacious young thing eying me. I

flicked a bit of imaginary fluff from my coat sleeve, trying not to appear self-conscious. Uncle always said adventure was just around the corner. That's Uncle—a quotation for everything. But no adventure this time. The young lady merely turned to her companion and inquired, "What's the advertising gag?" I didn't wince. Experts have kidded me.

At the Chicago hotel I felt a certain conspicuousness in registering from New York. I did not want to appear uppity. I was once a clerk in a country hotel and if I do say so, a competent one. I could harpoon the raw potato with the guest's pen every time. Zip! Like that! Indeed I have a clipping from the Plattsburg, Mo., Leader, referring to me as "Our Popular Knight of the Quill." When a baking-powder drummer registered from New York I immediately assigned him to No. 6—the one with the two chairs and the waxed doves in a glass case.

The Chicago clerk, after adjusting the scarf twice, giving a meticulous polish to the nails and discussing the bill at Keith's with the telephone girl, spun the register around, eyed my cane and coat and inquired, "Are you a pro-

fessional?" I shook my head. He mumbled about a minstrel show being in town.

I was pleasantly surprised to find Chicago hotels have hot and cold running water in the rooms, French menus and electric lights. They are to pave the streets in the spring and may get the G. A. R. convention.

From Chicago I journeyed to Kansas City. I have been all over Europe and never climbed an Alp but when you reach Kansas City buy an alpenstock, put a feather in your hat, learn a couple of yodeling songs and ha ha Switzerland.

Leaping deftly from crag to crag I reached mid-town without throwing a shoe or jostling my new bridge work.

A taxicab driver, after nearly running me down, asked me how I liked the city. There was a suspicion of jeer in his voice.

Kansas City has more than one hotel—perhaps several. There are street-cars, stores, and while I was not out across the tracks I understood they are building a new creamery. I hope they paint it pink. It seems to me that pink creameries are always the prettiest.

It is a warm-hearted city. A prosperous oil-

well owner called at my hotel. He owns vast acres in Oklahoma. Two of his managers called him up while he was in my room with excellent news. He showed me samples of crude oil. That, you know, is the oil which is crudest when rubbed in the hair.

Without a hint of suggestion from me, he permitted me to become a small shareholder. They allot only a small amount to each subscriber to keep it out of the hands of "the interests."

Going through one of the street arcades—for which they only charged the nominal sum of twenty-five cents—I was impressed with the metropolitan air of the shops. Many of them deliver purchases just as they do in New York.

St. Louis next claimed my attention. It is the custom in the provinces to have a slogan for each municipality. St. Louis is considering this one:

First in shoes! First in booze! And last in both leagues.

Rudolph Valentino was there and he and I were the guests of honor at a dinner. But that was no reason why one of the guests should

shake hands with me and say, "Glad to meet you, Mr. Turpin!"

The Mayor of St. Louis also invited us out to the zoölogical gardens one day. As a mark of courtesy they had named a monkey after me. And while I was there I heard a lady say to the keeper, "What time does McIntyre swing by his tail?" The idea!

Later at the walrus pit a bull walrus did what vaudeville calls a sitting-standing-dive and deluged me with muddy water. I hope he gets the toothache.

In St. Louis also I was broadgabbed over the radio. It is like shouting through a knothole but it gave me courage to make a speech later before an advertising club. I should have entertained with a ukulele solo. All they needed to do was to put one in my hands and I would have done the rest, without a rehearsal.

It wasn't much of a speech and I didn't mind a fellow calling "Louder," but I think the fellow in the back of the hall with a flock of double chins who shouted "Yes, and funnier" might have restrained himself. Such remarks do not come under the head of Sophisticated Crevice. Boston for wise crack,

In the morning a St. Louis paper ran my picture and a later mail brought a letter from a surgical institute saying, "We make over the face without danger."

I know a cheaper way. But why should I twit Jack Dempsey?

Reflection convinces me a typical New Yorker should stay on his own little island. He is not so conspicuous. I know men who can wear lavender spats without blushing right on the Avenue.

In a dining-car, passing through what Meredith Nicholson in picturesque slang terms the "corn belt," I reached across the table for something or other and the gentleman opposite looked at my wrist watch and gave vent to a contemptuous sniff. Tiny, but a sniff just the same.

I did not sniff once at the "rheumatism ring" he was wearing. Vive and let vive—as Uncle Jay Price says.

Neither did I appear bored in the smoker later when the same gentleman cornered a congressman and demanded to know if he was "for or against free seeds."

Several public questions interest me more.

I am of that tranquil temperament that can accept a seed or let it alone. I have struggled through an entire session of Congress without writing our congressman for a single seed.

It was not until I stepped foot in New York again that I really felt at home. I hurried to my favorite slot in the Automat and then, following a custom of years, trickled over to the Ritz foyer to mingle with the other "guests."

It was good to feel that no matter what they thought of me in "the sticks," here I was still "a typical New Yorker."

The Paris of My Dreams

THERE is a delightful comic opera clatter and bang to a Paris morning. It arises from sleep with song as naturally as the pine springs to the sun.

Down in the hallway the concierge is opening and slamming doors. His wife trills over the morning skillet. The butcher boy's dog yips a joyous greeting.

In the narrow back streets the huckster is tooting his raucous roundelay.

Around the corner a group of singing students are on their way to onion soup—the last lap of a night of revelry. A gendarme steps out from shelter, plucks his silken mustache, gives a hitch to his shoulder cape, shrugs and turns away.

Early workers are singing and whistling on their way. From the boulevards, acrawl with kitten-power taxis, comes the incessant squeak of horns. Paris is awake.

Old men with their market baskets gesticulate wildly on the sidewalk. Parks ring with

childish shouts. Tourists swarm about the boulevard tables. Little shops ripple with morning trade. A nightmare of materialism—radiant, effervescing. Paree! Paree!

Along the Boulevard des Capucines amid the delirium of the noontime rush, traffic clotted. A black hearse with an oval mirror halted at the curb.

Detaching herself from the crowd, a laughing *midinette,* carrying her showy milliner's box, moved up to the mirror, powdered her cheeks, brightened her lips and swept onward.

She is the spirit of Paris. Blithe, vain and smiling at the shadows.

Paris is hiding its scars. Torn, ravaged, it still laughs and loves with the lightness of its champagne foam.

It may be as fickle as the smiles of its courtesans, but I tell you it is the ideal spot to play, the hole in the garden wall where one may hide one's grief.

More than ever is it pitching its gaiety to the highest tempo, caring not for the day or hour but only for the moment.

Purple pasts fade spotlessly white in the

eternal present. The ear is not attuned to gossip.

What matter if the lady in an international marriage was once "registered" at the Café de Paris?

That is a matter that Paris applauds.

The worldly adventuress runs her gamut of liaisons and settles down at a peaceful villa in wedded respectability. And not a tongue wags.

The rich dowager takes her foppish *amant* to tea at the Ritz, openly pays the check and at night sits with her husband at the opera in a halo of domestic bliss.

In a castle along the Bois lives the demi-mondaine. She has unlimited credit at the smartest shops and lolls in the perfumed languor of her especially built motor. Head waiters bestow their lowest bow.

And that is why Paris, despite its terraced loveliness, architectural grandeur, spacious parks and ribbon-smooth boulevards, smacks of a certain ugliness.

I talked to a Frenchman at a sidewalk table in front of the Café de la Paix—that historic corner restaurant where all the world drifts

by. Sipping his *chocolat,* he was thrilling to the wonders of his city.

In the same breath that he described the beauty of the Arc de Triomphe he whispered the lure of the famous brothel, "The House of All Nations."

Contrast tumbles breathlessly upon contrast in this amazing Paris. It teems with lights and shadows.

In twenty minutes by motor one may be whisked from a den of throat-slitting Apaches to some tiny village, like a Callot engraving, with hens pecking and cocks crowing before the doors.

There are scarred inns with creaking sign-boards swinging in the wind and little farms with dovecotes, barns and sheepfold. And at the turn in the road frightful shell holes epitomizing the German fury.

One motors up to the breath-taking beauty of the palace gates at Versailles to learn that yesterday 10,000 curious stood all night in a drizzling rain to see a Bluebeard's head drop in a basket.

The Rue de la Paix, that short strip of fashion center, crackles with light and beauty.

A few steps away one turns into the Rue de Rivoli to behold a frightful figure at a sidewalk table. He has long matted hair and beard and snips silhouettes with a deformed hand that has but two fingers. And his venerable body is swathed in crêpe.

In mid-afternoon, when the sun-dappled Champs Élysées is gayest with strollers, the chattering crowds sweep up to the arch, suddenly hush and tiptoe away. The specter is there—the freshly kept grave of the unknown soldier.

Even in that magic hour when the Champs is at its best with the parade of fashion, the blare of bands, the gaily caparisoned broughams flashing by, there is the feeling that it is only tinsel that hides a bleeding heart—a brooding tragedy wearing the mask of the mime.

I asked a Frenchman about this.

"What you sense, my friend," he said, "is that no matter how gay our people are, far off they hear the faint rattle of musketry."

Swinging from the shadows to the lights—from tragedy to jazz.

At four in the afternoon when sleepy-eyed

Montmartre awakens to slink to the cafés for bracers, the fun begins. Every café is featuring jazz. Paul Whiteman is cheered along the streets.

The darky who can syncopate is a figure. In his off moments he occupies choice tables in the best cafés. He promenades the boulevards with ravishingly beautiful Parisian belles.

France is quite fascinated by the American negro. His stock soared higher when a negroid-featured Senegalese battered Gorgeous Georges almost beyond repair. The boulevards ring with "*Vive le* Siki!"

It is typical of the French to seize every opportunity to idolize. It helps them forget.

An American negro from Birmingham who sells newspapers in the Place de l'Opéra wears a silk hat, white spats and carries a cane.

"Hot diggedy dog!" he exclaimed. "This town is sholy the cat's vest. Colored folks is quality."

At the American bar, Tommy Lyman, who sang in the back room of Kelly's on Houston Street, was a season sensation. His name went up in electric lights a few steps from the fashionable Rue de la Paix.

Paris *elegantes* flocked to hear a pale-faced youth with wistful voice sing of Kansas City Kitty and Montmartre Rose. A blond coon shouter reigns at the Acacia. So it goes.

The Montmartre café life is a cross-section lifted from old Broadway—the same faces, the same settings. Only at sunrise do the doors of night close.

I sing of Paris "wickedness" for sightseers. What a sham it is! In downtown streets the professional guides whisper to strangers of "The Mystery Dance" and "The Dawn Soirée."

Save that they are held in dank cellars on the left bank of the Seine, they are not different from the hoochie dancers that village constables drive from the circus lots.

Paris "wickedness" is staged like that of New York's Chinatown for the wide-eyed yap-wagon riders.

The real vices of Paris are gilded and are not for the bourgeoisie.

No visitor can withstand the supreme beauty of a Paris night—the perfumed loveliness of the Tuileries, the etching of Eiffel Tower against the plush of night, the shadowy

dignity of the Bois and that oddly mysterious hush that comes to the streets.

When the faint flush of morning is hung in Paris skies, there comes the rhythmic throb of hoofbeats like the rise and fall of a fountain.

Toward the market moves the age-old cavalcade of creaking carts, piled high with carrots, cabbages and cauliflower—the peasant drivers nodding on their perches.

From the Tuileries Gardens a plumed bird circles low and with a glad cry wings upward toward the dawn.

Again, the delightful clatter and bang.

Paris is awakened to another glorious day.

A Stroll Through London

IT WAS morning in London. Ordinarily morning is difficult to detect. But down the hall I could hear the superoptimist from America whining pitiably for ice water.

I never saw him but you'll find his name on the "sucker list" of all the wildcat oil companies in Wall Street. Naturally any man who asks for ice water in London would be.

Later the bellboy at the Savoy, wearing a ripping (sartorially, not actually) cutaway coat, rapped at the door with a fresh copy of the Times. Try to give a bellboy with a cutaway coat a tuppence tip. I'm laughing.

"How's the weather?" I inquired.

"A bit of a 'aze, sir!" He waited hopefully but didn't get it.

Returning to bed, I glanced at the headlines.

"Horrible Exhibition at Ottershaw!" was a leading article. I wanted to learn what other American had been caught eating with his knife. But it proved to be the report of a

cricket match. I have no interest in shooting crickets so I dropped into a doze.

Shortly after I awakened with a start. My first thought was for my ivory-knobbed cane and pearl-gray hat, newly acquired. From the glare in the room I knew the hotel was on fire. Gathering the hat and cane together I aroused my wife and told her not to be frightened.

"Why should I be?" she inquired sleepily. "I have grown used to seeing you every morning." We had not yet arrived in Paris.

It wasn't a fire. The drizzling skies had suddenly dried and it was only a reluctant sun popping out.

As I passed out of the hotel for a stroll the head porter commented: "Wonderful weather we are 'aving!" He omitted the drawl. He had to say it quick. He knows his London.

Down in Trafalgar Square timid pigeons fluttered from friendly eaves to strut grotesquely about the huge bronze lions.

One by one the Strand's army of tatterdemalions took places along the curb—pardon, *kerb*—with trays of whirligigs.

At the iron gates of Charing Cross the first of the flower women began her shrill cry in

ripest Cockney: "Flowers, ly-dee, tuppence a bunch!"

From narrow alleys seeped the aged newspaper venders, emblazoned with freshly posted heralds, front and back:

"Surrey vs. Kent. Result!" "Drug Raid in Wrexham!" "Girl Falls Two Storeys."

Over historic London Bridge trudged the cleaning women chatting of their 'Arrys and Alfs who would spend the day around the pubs sipping ale while their women toiled.

"My Bert! Lor' bli'me! 'E was owled last night, 'e was," chuckled a little woman with a pokebonnet perched ludicrously on the side. "And comical! No end!" she concluded.

Along by the American Express in the Haymarket, a shabby figure darted out to a taxicab, cap in hand. He was an American who had "missed the boat." He's been missing it for years.

Out at an entrance to Hyde Park where malcontents are permitted to "blow off steam" unrestrained, a half-dozen or so were erecting portable platforms. An anti-royalist was exhorting himself into a foaming rage.

"See what they're a-doin' to the young

Prince," he cried. "They're tryin' to sell 'im to save the throne. All day long they lug 'im out with 'is smile and cheerio. Killin' the lad! That's the bleedin' shime of it. And for what?"

The swank of London with a bang! From Victoria Station into Oxford Circus, Piccadilly, New Bond and Regent Street swept the well-dressed clerks, carrying chamois gloves in the hand that held the Malacca walking-stick. Many in braided walking-coats, neatly pin-striped trousers and pearl-gray hats. And boutonnièred. You'd be surprised!

Through Burlington Arcade—"Monocle Row"—came the mid-morning dandies. Each stopping to idle in front of the window mirrors the conventional fifteen minutes.

And at noon I found myself groping through another fog. I managed to locate a bobby to inquire the way back to the Savoy.

"At the first turning, sir, go right!" Then he added: "Be sprightly!" He need not have added that. It struck me as coming under the head of a nasty dig.

I thanked him and stepped into a taxi. If

you know London's "turnings" you will realize I was paying no disrespect to the law. I love the bobbies, comic little chin straps and all. I even admire Scotland Yard. It must be a wonderful place for the children to play.

My driver taxied to the Savoy, I think, by way of Liverpool.

Collie and Kitty, the barmaids, were artistically frosting the shakers. It had been a warm and exasperating morning and an overwhelming thirst developed. I felt a kinship with my American brother who cried for ice water.

Why not ask for a glass? Better men than I had failed and there was little harm in trying. So I did.

"You mean charged water, sir?" inquired Kitty.

"No"—meekly. "Iced—i-c-e-d—water!"

She looked fearfully puzzled—fearfully so. She suggested several brands of vichy. A benevolent gentleman with puffed red cheeks, stove-pipe hat, over-Niagara mustache and a breath that would win life membership in any New York supper club, offered help.

"I say, Kitty," he interposed, " 'e wants just

ordi-neery water. You know, like that in the Tems. I've seen the trick. 'E tykes a goldfish from it."

It was useless. So I switched to Scotch and soda.

Thus fortified I drifted into Simpson's for luncheon.

I discovered at Simpson's that the Duke business is not holding up. One who married two American girls sat next to me. He started to sign his check.

"The management desires cash, sir!" the head waiter said quite firmly. Picture that! And right before all the people.

In the afternoon I strolled out along Birdcage Walk near Buckingham Palace, where a king used to air his favorite canary. Devilish young Rollos in Eton jackets, carefully guarded by nursemaids, were wildly rolling their hoops.

And in the mews back of fine homes, where poverty hides, spindly-legged children were drooping about on doorsteps.

In London the stranger is constantly impressed by the contrast of poverty with the city's pomp. It is only a short spin from the

alcoholic wrecks along the Strand to the breathless beauty of Mayfair.

From Pall Mall I taxied to Whitechapel, the London ghetto. In the center of the brooding thoroughfare a group of children, underfed and underbred, were gleefully torturing a meowing cat. And out of a wine and bun shop a peg-leg beggar lurched. "Hi say, gov'ner," he demanded, "'ow about a sixpence?" And the refusal brought a flood of guttery epithets. London at its worst.

As evening came my steps turned to "The Cheshire Cheese," where Dickens ate—also Thackeray, Samuel Johnson, Goldsmith and Longfellow. It has endured for three centuries.

The sawdust-coated floors bring a sense of supreme comfort. The friendly parrot that screeches loudly for "Scotch" gives a homelike touch. The plump, red-cheeked waiters, so familiar in the English prints, seem to have been handed down with the ages.

There is one who constantly cries "Any gentleman say pudden?" Just as one did when good Doctor Johnson replied: "No gentleman says pudden!" The "Cheese" is still

the haunt of men of letters, barristers and journalists with a soupçon of sporting celebrities and a dash of impecunious "down-and-outers." It typifies London—a city that rarely changes.

Going home, Big Ben was striking ten. The countless army of street bands were slipping away into the night. In a half-hour London's streets would be deserted.

At a side entrance of the old Drury Lane Theater a lone blind man with his tiny portable organ was playing his final tune—"Bertie, Me Lad," a coster song.

There was something eerie about it all. The fog. The old houses. And narrow, crooked streets.

It is no wonder that London clings to its cheerful open hearths.

Sancho, The Shepherd

HIS name is Sancho. I found him near the mud and straw hutch where I was living across the Rio Grande in Mexico. Sancho is a white-bearded old sheep-herder whose wrinkled face resembles an ancient persimmon.

Night was bringing its mysterious hush to the land of cactus. A dying sun flooded the ranch country with shadowy arabesques. A half-mile away Sancho stood silhouetted against the prairie sky. He appeared as shy as the sheep surrounding him.

For seven months he had been roaming with his herd. For three months he had not talked to man. He did not know the month of the year or the day of the week.

He slept where darkness found him, his head pillowed on the little sack of frijole beans which chiefly comprised his food. His shirt hung in shreds and his trousers were an amazing tribute to the art of successive patching.

My world was as far removed from his as the distance between the poles. I was a

product of top-speed civilization and he was a lonely shepherd.

A few nights before I had stood at Forty-second Street and Broadway in the modern Babylon. It was a scene of dithyrambic brilliancy—the travail of a city in the throes of a hectic night. Blood-red lips. Rummaging eyes. A million lights. Perfume, jewels and splendor.

More than 2,000 miles away I had come suddenly upon the complete antithesis.

I waved a friendly hand to Sancho. He lifted his tattered straw Mexican hat and started to move away. I shouted a halloo, mounted a pony and galloped out to greet him.

"A fine night," I ventured.

"Si, señor," he affirmed.

There was an awkward pause. His herd, nervous at a strange presence, grew restless and softly he quieted them. He accepted the offer of a cigarette, I dismounted and we sat on the ground.

"Americano, señor?" he inquired.

I nodded.

Sancho spoke English with scarcely a trace of accent. Far away a circling coyote gave a

hideous howl. He called to his sheep and they came nearer. One baby lamb with an injured leg crept up and nestled in his lap.

Sancho told me something of his nomadic life. His father before him had been a sheep-herder. Somewhere near Vera Cruz lived a wife and two sons. Weeks had stretched into months with no word of them. I was fretting over a day-late mail.

There in the Mexican twilight the gentle old shepherd seemed the most contented man I ever saw. I thought of New Yorkers squeezing seconds out of minutes and minutes out of hours by day and tossing through sleepless nights, and I thought of Sancho sleeping peacefully under the star-studded sky.

He evidently sensed my reverie, for he interrupted with: "Señor, you believe in God?"

I told him I did.

"You pray often?"

I told him not as often as I should.

"It is very hard to find God in the cities," he said. He had been twice to Mexico City and once to Monterey. "Tell me of New York."

I told him of skyscrapers, of subways, of

theaters, of Fifth Avenue, of the scramble for wealth and the lust for power. I told him of fortunes that crashed with the tick of the tape and of men and women dishonored between dawn and dusk. He was silent for a little while.

Then he said, "Cities are much like this." He rolled up his ragged trousers leg and revealed a swollen calf with two fiery red spots where a poisonous rattler had sunk its fangs.

"Aren't you afraid the wound will be fatal?" I asked with a shudder.

He poked at the dying embers with his shepherd's stick and there was a ghost of a smile —half enigmatical. "It is not nearly so fatal as your cities," he finally replied.

In this venerable sheep-herder—he was more than seventy—I had stumbled across one of the oddest characters I ever met in years of searching for the unusual in humanity and human affairs.

He took no thought of the morrow. At sun-up he would be off with his sheep to fresh pastures. In a semi-arid country he never suffered for water and amid a woeful lack of vegetation he always had food.

"You have had sorrow?" I asked.

"Very little," he replied. "I am sad when I leave my sheep and turn them over for slaughter. Now and then I long for my loved ones. That is about all."

There was an ominous hiss in the sage and a plunge of the pony. Sancho spoke quickly to his sheep and darted out into the gloaming. There was a crushing grind of a sandaled heel in the rocky ground. He had killed a rattler.

"How can you sleep, knowing those things are around?" I asked when he returned.

"Señor," he replied, "I was stung by a rattler three moons back. It was not the first time and perhaps not the last. If I feared them, I would die. No poison is so deadly as fear. One night near Canutillo the wolves came. I was younger then and grew afraid. They killed my sheep. Had I been brave it would not have happened. Animals sense fear as we sense odor."

Darkness had come. I felt I had kept the old man up too long. I apologized and made ready to go.

"No, no," he said, and there was earnestness in his voice. "Do not go. I will heat

some coffee to take off the chill. It has been a long, long time since I have talked. Stay awhile."

I wanted to hear him further and remained. Several times I had been amazed at his telepathic powers. Once as he was talking I wondered if we of the cities and towns had clutched at happiness and missed and if this gentle, simple-minded old shepherd had not found it without the struggle.

I began to recall many friends. Most of them had all the creature comforts of a high-powered civilization but none who came to mind seemed to me as happy as Sancho appeared.

He was still talking as I mused but he suddenly exclaimed with a knowing smile, "You think of your friends." His divination was so sudden I was startled.

The coffee had boiled. He passed me some in his earthen cup and when I had finished drank himself. Cigarettes were lighted.

"Señor," he began, "a great and good man in your America died a few months back. Another good man took his place."

I naturally thought of President Harding.

"You have read the newspapers?" I inquired.

"No," he said simply, "I tell by the stars. The same as I tell time by the heavens. I have no timepiece yet I know now it is ten minutes after eight."

My wrist watch showed eight minutes after eight.

"Your country is progressing. Soon my country will have more war and bloodshed." As I write a few weeks later Mexico has another revolution.

"Very soon, too, I will be going." He bowed his head and crossed himself. "I shall see my family once—maybe twice—and then go on. I am an old man, señor. You are young. You pity me because of what seems to you a lonely life. Yet I know things that can never be learned in your great cities.

"I see a world in a chaos of tumbling faith. Nations have fallen, señor, and more will fall but they will arise anew. We have only need of faith.

"But, señor, I weary you with sermon. I have two boys who are now taking to their herds. As you know the world they will live in poverty, yet they will be far happier than

you of the cities. You think of the sheep-herder as lonely, but believe me, señor, we who talk with God are never alone. And now I bid you a very good night."

I walked over to my pony. In a far-flung byway I had heard the most impressive sermon to which I had ever listened. A full moon now bathed the cactus country. A startled young deer leaped gracefully through the brush. At the door of my jacal I turned and looked back. There in the prairie Sancho's tiny camp-fire burned—a beacon of the sublimest faith I ever beheld.

Olla-Podrida

NIGHT shopping is growing in popularity in the Tenderloin. All-night millinery, shoe and jewelry shops are becoming settled institutions between Columbus Circle and Herald Square.

The first all-night shoe shop was opened near the Winter Garden by Abe Attell, the pugilist. It was decorated in Japanese style and tea for patrons was always brewing. The biggest patronage came from the chorus girls and women of the evening.

Following this a young woman of vaudeville started an all-night millinery shop. Her windows were decorated with pictures of stage folks, bearing inscriptions that her hats "were just perfectly lovely." There are now four nocturnal millinery establishments.

Then came other shoe shops and jewelry stores, the latter specializing in wrist watches, trapeze earrings, bracelets and cigarette holders. It is rumored that in a few of these places liquid merchandise is sold to those in the know.

There are two rush hours in the all-night stores. The first rush begins shortly after the play. Young men who have been waiting at stage doors are skilfully guided past the alluring windows. There is a camaraderie of trickery between the proprietor and the chorus girl who takes her sweetie "buy-buy."

In the presence of her escort she may inquire if her shoes, hat or jewel is ready for her. It has always just arrived, although the young woman may have never been in the place before. Business of going through her purse. She has left her money at home.

The sap leaps joyously to the rescue. Oh, she couldn't think of permitting him to do that. But in the end she is persuaded and goes on her way and Bertie wonders whether he has enough left for the midnight sandwich.

The second rush hour follows the closing of the supper clubs, around three o'clock. The patrons are in a more generous buying mood. "Besh little pal a feller ever had. Give her a half dozen hats," is frequently heard.

The flurry of life in Delancey Street reaches the fortissimo on Sunday when nearly all the

shops and stores of the East Side's Broadway remain open. It is mostly a Yiddish quarter.

The shops offer the same styles of Broadway at cheaper prices and chorus girls go there to replenish their wardrobes. Sunday on Delancey Street is a constant promenade. In front of almost every store sits an old orthodox woman clinging to the ancient wig.

Side street synagogues are filled with basement shops. Whiskers are plentiful and the men wear black straw hats and speak only the language of Abraham. Peddlers roam the sidewalks with their little push-carts, offering all sorts of edibles so dear to the quarter.

Pumpkin seeds, parboiled in salt water, are to the East Side what hokey pokey is to the country fair. The old-fashioned one-horse carriage with canopy top is a favorite for family outings. Ten and twelve ride in it for fifty cents an hour.

Delicatessens, labeled "Kosher," flourish. The window displays are alluring—pastrami, corned beef, salami, duck, dill pickles and stuffed goose. The favorite beverage of the East Side is a celery beer. The children prefer huge pretzels to candies and sweets.

The older folk hold fast to Old Testament customs but the young generation has absorbed the customs of the new—the girls wear their hair bobbed and the boys the styles of Broadway, astoundingly Americanized. In hot weather the street hydrants are turned on so the children may receive a cool drenching in the gutters.

At the eastern end of Delancey Street is the old Williamsburg bridge and underneath its approach each morning rises the babble of the push-cart market where all Delancey Street housewives go to fill the family larder.

As one comes northward on the Bowery from Delancey Street, the contrast is depressing. The Bowery at night is a gloomy section. Ruddy-faced men lounge in the doorways of cheap lodging-houses—I counted seven in one block. In the numerous all-night missions, the human wrecks are lifting their voices in "At the Cross." The eating-houses fresco their windows with the bills of fare. Now and then a lurching, mumbling figure staggers across one's path. The only lights are in the barred pawnshop windows. The old-time family gardens are given over to trade. Many

"Brighter Bowery" movements have been started but the Bowery is still in need of a coat of paint.

The youngsters of the East Side have a new twist to the English game of "Beaver." There are so many beards on the East Side that "Beaver" grows monotonous. So the new game is "Egg!" When they see a bald head they cry "Egg!"

Skipping—tra-la-la—from the East Side to Millionaires' Row. I saw a big, loosely built gentleman walk down the steps of a great mansion. He had a swing to his walk that smacked of the great open spaces. His face was tanned by sun and wind. Here was a man, I thought, who, having made his fortune, was enjoying life to the fullest. The bus conductor spoiled the illusion. "That fellow," he said, "is young Astor's head groomsman."

Far up on Fifth Avenue is an open forum like that one at the entrance to Hyde Park in London. The evening I was there the "humanitarian Christ," the alleged wickedness of the middle ages, socialism, atheism, Roman

Catholicism and other forms of Christianity all had their expounders.

The stranger in New York is invariably much impressed by the metropolitan air of aloofness. People appear to be too rushed for ordinary courtesies of the smaller towns. Yet this austerity is only on the surface.

In Manhattan—just as in the small town—folks are just folks. Three years ago a friend of mine from Texas motored here. He brought along a negro chauffeur who was not acquainted with New York's strict traffic rules.

At a crowded corner near the Waldorf an infraction jammed traffic for five minutes. The traffic officer rushed over to the Texan in red-faced anger. "Pull up at the curb and wait for a ticket," he roared.

When he had unsnarled the traffic he came back with the summons. "Looky hea, kunnel," drawled the Texan. "I'm plumb downright sorry we caused all this disturbance. My poor nigger there didn't know. He's sorry, too."

The scowling visage softened into a merry Irish smile. The Texan and the cop shook

hands and separated with mutual good wishes. The other day the Texan passed the corner and saw the same officer. He went out to his post.

"I reckon you don' remember me, suh!" said the Texan.

"Sure and I do," was the reply. "You're the gentleman from Texas. I'm glad to see you again." The Texan's humanity had touched off corresponding humanity in the cop.

Humanity in New York as well as in the small town has a fashion of striking its average. People from New York and people from the small town have a way at times of meeting one another with a chip on the shoulder—remove the chip and they swing into a waltz.

Gotham is interesting to me chiefly because of the myriad facets of its interests. The other day I began searching for the unusual within a three-block radius of where I live—that I had not seen before.

Nearly every block in New York is a treasure town. Two blocks away is the Lady Nic tobacco shop—exclusively for women. The

owner is a cultured, traveled woman, and her patrons are of the élite. Two doors away is a shop of the only remaining repairer of old-fashioned music boxes.

Underneath a milinery store—run incidentally by Mary, Charles and Francine—is an Austrian who sells native dishes. Nearby a little tea-room with a fountained garden in the back and a blind lady harpist. Of such simple joys the Parisians sing.

Only two doors from Fifth Avenue is a store where old men past seventy—tossed aside by the multi-spoked wheel of fate—are whittling ships and wagons as toys for the children on Christmas. They are white-haired and wrinkled, like rare old prints.

Then a batik shop, where a Russian refugee makes smocks that are sold to the artist crowd in Greenwich Village. She also sells sun-dials. In the shop an open log fire is crackling and a big Persian cat is sleeping before it.

A great apartment-house courtyard where there is a nurses' promenade and a runway for dogs. Each afternoon between three and four a community orchestra gives a serenade. The nurses are all in blue and white uniforms.

Also a book shop whose kindly proprietor specializes in autographs and is a collector of Oscar Wilde and Poe material. He belongs to the guild of genuine book lovers, and asks you to wash your hands before touching his books. Indeed, each block has its variety and opulence—its gloom and squalor.

Laughter in Manhattan is epitomized by the frozen smile. The uproaring, spontaneous guffaw is rarely heard. Lack of laughter is so noticeable that a visiting French journalist was moved to remark: "Your people do not laugh."

The only real laughter at the play will inspire a comedian to cry: "Ah, a relative!" Playgoers who laugh out loud will find the audience has suddenly diverted attention from the stage to them. In some theaters they will even turn the spotlight on those who laugh out loud.

The people who really laugh aloud are those from out of town. And as a rule their laughs die in their throats as all eyes are turned their way. New Yorkers are keyed up continually to wonder how they impress the other fellow.

If he laughs with gusto—he is not blasé. And not to be blasé is a mark of something or other. I'll confess I do not know what. The yawn seems to have supplanted the laugh.

I have sat in cafés and other places of supposed amusement all evening without hearing a single laugh. You get the idea everyone is bored but I do not think it is true. The New Yorker wants the world and his wife to think he is so ultra-sophisticated that nothing tickles him.

Even at Coney Island, one of America's famous playgrounds, you hear the merry shout of children but you do not hear their elders laugh out loud. The most raucous laughter is heard in the movie houses when they are in complete darkness.

The steward of an old Fifth Avenue club recently resigned. In an interview with a New York newspaper he said he had not heard one of the members laugh in ten years. "The last fellow who laughed," he said, "was delirious from a lingering fever."

This is the story of Wu Kim. To the narrow, crooked streets of Chinatown he came,

fresh from the dragon land, only a few short months ago. He wore a robin's-egg blue jacket, trousers of yellow and a gold-brocaded skull-cap. For weeks he ventured no farther from the dried fruit store of his cousin than Chatham Square.

His father was a great tea merchant in Hong-Kong. And Wu Kim had been schooled in the ancient China fashion. Some day he might have been a mandarin. He had the naiveté of a country school girl. When he smiled he showed gleaming, firm white teeth and when white women missionaries spoke to him his cheeks flamed red.

His eyes glowed with wonderment at the new land. Hai, who sets type on a Chinese morning newspaper and is also a scholar, took a fancy to the young man and one evening they decided to explore the Occidental flair of Broadway. Their steps took them to a musical revue in Forty-second Street.

In the balcony Wu Kim beheld the magic of the theater's Arcadian abracadabra. He saw a rural garden, agleam with lights, suddenly fade into a heavenly dome of blue, and clearly etched against the background was

a white butterfly, poised on one toe for flight. Wu Kim sucked in his breath.

"She is the fairest white lily I have ever seen," he said to Hai in perfect English, for Wu had mastered many languages. In that mysterious, unobtrusive fashion of the educated Chinese he learned the dancer's address.

He stood one night near her apartment-house door just to watch her. Hai was with him. When the vision of his dreams appeared she glanced at Wu Kim and his odd dress. "Ooo!" she giggled. "Look at the comic Chink. You can have the pants, I choose the coat." And they went laughing down the street.

And so it was that late that night in a Doyer Street fruit store a pistol cracked. The police came. Wu Kim stood in the center of the shop, coughing jerkily. Then he slumped to the floor. In his jacket pocket was a picture of the "fair lily," torn from a newspaper.

Those showy little souvenir shops that screech their phonograph call to passers-by along Forty-second Street and Broadway are

oddly detached from the usual flare of commerce. Cigarette-puffing Turks, heads topped with a fez, await the customer eagerly. Nothing is too much trouble. They will spend an hour trying to sell a ten-cent balloon toy. And if they fail, they salaam graciously and escort the visitor to the door, bidding him call again.

The windows are bulging with all sorts of jigumbobs from a pen knife to a bass drum. The proprietors are merchandising specialists. What the usual store hides away on basement counters they put forth in gaudy dress to entice the buyer. There is about the souvenir shop the flamboyant atmosphere of the country fair.

Blond ladies thump the latest Tin Pan Alley ditties. Tenors, in seedy tuxedos, sing the musical comedy hits. Two or three phonographs are running at once. Noise-making devices are tested by clerks and trick pencils explode with a bang. It is like a visit to some Coney Island Wonderland.

Most of the shops are owned by a syndicate. The salesmen have a salary guarantee—it takes little to live in Manhattan's Turkish quarters—but their livelihood depends on making sales

for which they receive a percentage. That is why the clerks are so persistently tenacious.

They do not work by the clock. One of the clerks told me his hours were whatever he made them. As they are strangers in a strange land they come back in the evening and usually labor until midnight. The Broadway souvenir shops remain open until two o'clock in the morning to catch the chorus girl trade. Those on Forty-second Street close at midnight.

Each night at six o'clock a tattered group of derelicts gathers in the southeast corner of Bryant Park. They are members perhaps of the poorest club in New York—the Sandwich Men's club. They are the human driftwood of a great city, mostly old men who wander about the streets encased between boards that carry advertisements and picking up at the most seventy-five cents a day. Rain or snow, they meet to talk and puff their ancient pipes, then at eight scatter to their dreary fifteen-cent lodging-houses. Between six and eight is the only time all day that they speak to a living soul.

There is an abject helplessness about these down-and-outers as they trudge along through high wind, hail, sleet and snow with impassive expressions. Most of them live with ghosts of the past. Drink in many cases brought about the downfall, but there are many, too, who have worked hard and lived respectable lives but never were able to make headway. Just clutched at life and missed! But willing still to carry on.

Back in the days when Chinatown flaunted more hells than Swedenborg dreamed of, Dave Doyle ran a gin mill in Mott Street. It was a sawdust joint where yeggs drank liquor raw and gape-wagon tourists shuddered. Dawn usually found a battered figure sprawling in the adjoining alley. "Hit 'em first and talk afterward" was his motto. He stood at one end of his bar in checkered clothes and brown derby and jaws, shaved to a sirloin red, clamped a black cigar. He was remindful of an angry bull ready to charge.

Into his place one night came a creature of the streets, roughly rouged and buoyantly bunned. Her hair was askew and her clothes

in a disorderly array. Women were not unusual visitors. White wives of Chinese came there for pitchers of beer and that was about all.

This woman pitched unsteadily toward the bar and sank her head in her arms. After a time she ordered a drink. And then another and still another. Finally Doyle removed the cigar out of the corner of his mouth and said to the bartender: "No more."

The woman looked up, leered at him and hiccuped a guttery tirade. Going out, she stumbled through the swinging doors and fell to the sidewalk and was carried away in an ambulance litter. Dave Doyle rode with her to the hospital. Three days later his gin mill changed hands. And Doyle disappeared from Chinatown.

A sordid setting for romance. Yet the other day there came to two old friends of Doyle's in Chinatown postal cards postmarked Ireland. On the reverse side was a country cottage. In the yard stood Doyle, a hoe in hand. On the porch sat a woman and in her lap was a smiling child. And the inscription in Dave's handwriting read "From hell to heaven."

Not long ago I rode in a Black Maria to the Tombs. I was the guest of an officer who was transferring prisoners from a court to prison. To stimulate my imagination he handcuffed me to a young Italian who had "bricked" a Bowery pawnshop window.

The ride to me was the apogee of human woe. Here were men who loved liberty as much as I, dipping into torturing darkness. The little Italian gazed out the wagon's small, barred window and tried to speak. He only sighed. The conduit of speech was broken. It was his first offense.

There was an old man whose hair was frosted by many winters. He had no teeth, and nose and chin met, parrot-like. His gnarled fingers twisted a bit of twine. His eye sockets were dull and yellow.

"Well, Pop, what they got you for?" asked a youthful alcoholic.

"I dunno, I dunno," he mumbled.

A spruce-looking fellow who seemed suffocatingly abashed held his head in his hands. The tip of one shoe sole dug at a crack in the flooring. Not once did he look up. Once or twice he shuddered in despair.

A traffic blockade checked progress on Lafayette Street. A hurdy-gurdy was playing a lively tune. The inebriate asked: "Well, Cap, I don't suppose they have music with our meals down there?" There was no answer.

They filed out of the wagon into the waiting-room. Soon locks would click behind them. There was a pathetic humility as they faced their custodians. Eyes appeared to be searching for some expression that would betoken kindliness.

Outside I gazed at the bleak old prison. Silhouetted in the distance was the famous Bridge of Sighs over which all would pass tomorrow. As I walked northward I thought of that old man, twisting his bit of twine. And his words symbolized my own reaction to prison walls—"I dunno, I dunno!"

It was in a la-de-dah Fifth Avenue soda-fountain where theater crowds go in evening dress. There are no chairs and patrons must stand at the counter—bar fashion. She came in—a tall, cool brunette, with eyes that gleamed like malachite. Everybody watched her.

The soda-water business suffered a sudden slump. Three ropes of pearls graced her neck. Pear-shaped diamond drop earrings as big as grapes dangled against her cheeks.

One bracelet of square-cut emeralds, three other bracelets with diamonds as large as dimes encircled her arms. Her gold mesh bag was spun with rare jewels. And a platinum wrist watch sparkled with rubies.

Her escort was a pot-bellied, squat man with a rimmed monocle, worn with easy nonchalance, and his mustache was silver-white. There was a hook to his nose that denoted cunning. European adventurers? No doubt all the world capitals knew them. That was my thought.

They were the cynosure of all eyes. It so happened I stood at their side. I expected her to chatter in French after they had ordered their cooling drink.

She spoke. "Did you remember to get the canary bird seed today?" she asked. He had remembered. For such a woman, how could any man forget?

"Who do you think was in my office today?" —from him.

"I can't imagine."

"Bert Simpkins, from Cedar Rapids."

"How is Min?"

"Fine. They want us to motor back to Iowa with them, but I told him we were not going home until August."

Bang! Another illusion shattered. My European adventurers were Middle Westerners. No doubt he is in the hay and feed business. And I venture they watch the papers to see where Ben Turpin is playing next.

So This Is Merry Xmas

NEW YORK'S Christmas typifies the city's unyielding pursuit of the sensation. "Peace on earth" double-steps to the merry *hoop-la.* Old Scrooge flings off his garments and profligacy reigns in palace and hutch. Freedom is shackled and souls enslaved for gimcracks and tinsel. Mortgaged homes and pledged salaries strew the path of the reindeer, and the merry peal of bells is muffled by the flood of bills.

Christmas is Manhattan's yearly orgy—the season when the narrow island, bulging with cash, goes on a pyrotechnical bust. The Paris of the Second Empire scarcely surpassed New York's luxurious waste at Yuletide.

The wanton spirit touches every stratum of life from plutocrat to pander. While the Wall Street operator strangles the market to buy his wife a diamond tiara, the underworld thug is blackjacking an innocent to buy a fur coat for his "Moll."

Last Christmas Eve six shining new motor-

cars at Rialto stage doors symbolized first-row admiration for chorus girls. And in an orchid corsage, lightly tossed from a stage box, a thrice-wed star found the deed to a Fifth Avenue home, completely furnished.

Travel the serpentine path of the elevated through the misery and squalor of the kennel-like tenements that stretch on either side, and you see carpetless hovels brilliant with lighted Christmas trees and glittering doo-dads. Poverty's safety-valve pops. Santa's mask hides the loan shark.

The war-time phrase "Give until it hurts" is revived and glorified. Simple amenities that characterized the old-time Christmas have been forgotten by the average New York woman in her feverish zeal to make her gift outshine that of her sister. It is not a spirit of giving—but of gouging.

A high-light on the magnificent waste may be seen in the receipts of a Fifth Avenue florist. His average daily sales amounted to $1200. The day before last Christmas they totaled the stupendous sum of $38,000 for rare flowers that perished in a few days. And this is only one florist shop in hundreds.

As a challenging contrast, on last Christmas morning the newspapers told of a forlorn East Side mother who, unable to provide a single potted geranium for an anemic child, stuffed the tenement door and window cracks and turned on the gas.

While the boy in the red prairie cottage is thrilling to the bag of gumdrops, the orange in the net bag and the new pair of shoes, the New York youth is pouting because his stunty new roadster hasn't a siren attachment.

The Christmas rush in New York begins around the first of November. Shops and stores blaze with sudden splendor. Window displays mark a high tide of lavish show. In one, a papier-mâché horse, life-size, trots along a country road with a sleigh filled with wax figures, while snow-clad hills roll past in the background.

In another window a complete marionette show—revealing the night before Christmas in a peaceful village. The town constable patrolling the streets, children saying their prayers, delivery wagons running to and fro, and finally the arrival of Santa with his reindeers and pack of toys.

The toy stores are tokens of the extravagant spirit. There is one on Fifth Avenue where one may buy dolls that talk, walk and skip the rope for prices that range from $90 to $500. Doll baby carriages for $85, doll houses for $275 and kid gloves for dolls at $6 a pair.

And for the boy—electric trains in which he may ride and carry passengers over bridges, through tunnels, up inclines and down grades. Price, $1500. Stuffed animals—zebras, elephants, monkeys—that are priced from $75 to $150. All these are toys soon to be discarded.

Into one toy store last Christmas there came an Oregon lumberman, flushed from the fruits of a big business deal. He was leading by the hand a tattered little gutter urchin of the East Side.

"Give this little shaver a nice toy," he said.

"Something for about a dollar?" said the clerk, appraising the lad.

"Hell's bells, no!" was the retort. "The finest you got in the house." And the youngster went back to the East Side with an electric toy automobile that cost the lumberman six one-hundred-dollar bills.

The poor children, incidentally, find their

Christmas toyland at the curb market that bubbles on lower Sixth Avenue. Here the ten-cent mechanical toys buzz and hum in eccentric circles and dashes. It is the one spot in New York where the sidewalk vendors are not molested by the police.

About the only remaining touch of the old-time Christmas spirit is expressed at the community tree in Madison Square, where on Christmas Eve the public is invited to sing Christmas carols and join in the pæans of thanksgiving.

Ultra-rich New York finishes its shopping the week before Christmas and then hies away to Lakewood or mountain retreat to spend its Yuletide in exclusive solitude.

For the rich it is a jeweled Christmas—a Christmas of pearls, diamonds and pigeon-blood rubies. Without this jeweled splurge the huge jewelry establishments could hardly be maintained throughout the year.

One millionaire last year purchased three ropes of pearls that totaled nearly a million dollars.

A stroll through these gilded establishments reveals the superlative luxury for the rich.

Gold and silver cigarette cases for ladies, with tiny music box attachments, that range from $500 to $700. Wrist watches for $1,000 up to $4,000. Diamond bracelets as high as $50,000. A hatpin for $6,000.

And in the perfume shops, delicately blended, languorous odors from Araby for $6 a single drop.

For the men, the haberdashers display exclusively designed scarves from $8 to $10. Walking-sticks from $60 to $300. Cuff-links for $200. Monogrammed handkerchiefs at $75 the half-dozen.

No city is so "victimized" by Christmas as New York. The hat-snatchers, door-openers, elevator operators, traffic policemen, carriage starters, bus conductors, news-vendors, waiters and head waiters expect and exact their toll.

This polite form of sandbagging is a tax on fear—the inherent New Yorkish "fear of the uniform." They know if they do not remember at Christmas those who are paid to serve them they will be snubbed throughout the year. A New Yorker who lives in a hotel wrote a letter to a newspaper three weeks after last Christmas and confessed he spent $320

providing Christmas gifts for members of his family and $480 "tribute" to the uniformed myrmidons he had regularly tipped throughout the past twelve months. "Either that or a year of discomfort," he sadly confessed.

This gentle gyppery is not confined to hotels, but office buildings, clubs, railroad terminals and apartment houses indulge in it as well.

No class of people make so much of Christmas as the sentimental people of the stage. For them it is a season of lay-offs and half-salaries, but each purse is strained to provide gifts for fellow players.

There are continual rounds of holiday festivities at the Lambs, Friars, Green Room Club and N. V. A.—impromptu skits, cheering bowls, sleigh-rides in Central Park and visits to the bedside of Nellie Revell, their official dispenser of cheer, who was in a plaster cast for nearly four years.

Tight-fisted New York becomes generously open-hearted with the coming of holly wreaths. Newspaper drives to aid the poor receive a ready response—thousands upon thousands are hurled into the charity coffers. New York does not forget its bread line.

King Alcohol is not neglected! Bootleggers are swamped with orders. It is the high tide of the year for them, for New York must have its Christmas champagne at any cost. Next to its women, the metropolis pays its biggest tribute to alcohol at the Christmas season.

And long after the clock strikes twelve on Christmas night—the weary army of nerve-racked shop girls, clerks and floorwalkers slink to the drab brownstone boarding-houses to sleep the clock around. It has not been nor ever will be a Christmas for them. It has been just a killing grind.

This is the ugly halo of the New York Christmas. In its lust for pleasure it is indifferent to the heart-throb. It will gladly toss a $500 bill in a charity hat, but it will not remove the thorns in the path of the huge body of workers who give their strength to make Christmas happy.

It is a city of last-minute shoppers.

High Lights and Low

IT IS a world of fantasy that lies back-stage at the Hippodrome, happily rescued from oblivion. Grease-painted faces and grotesque costumes under the heavy calcium glare that burns like the white-hot flame of Phœbus, give a startling touch of unreality.

The swaying elephants trumpet their restlessness and there is the staccato beat of horses' hooves against stalls. Dainty creatures in spangled ballet dresses walk up and down the runways with ludicrous-looking men who wear baggy pants and putty noses.

A group of midgets—two score of them—sit about on upturned buckets, playing cards and chattering in strange, thin voices. Their overlord, a big-chested fellow with fierce black mustachios, eyes them as one would so many sheep.

In a cleared space, a group of buck dancers are practicing new steps to the jingle of their heel bells. The foil and feeder of a cross-talk act sits in a trapeze—to get away from the crowd and think up new gag lines.

White-faced clowns recline on a tumbler's roll of carpet. They seem hopelessly apart and their occasional smiles are sad. They appear to be conscious of suffering some sort of blight, yet without them the Hippodrome would not be the Hippodrome.

The hayseed comedian is sewing another patch on his white linen coat. He is the husband of the human puffball who gracefully floats on in a dance, interpretive of the soul's awakening. There is the tearful lady who has just received her notice and must go back to touring the minor circuits. "Jealousy!" she sniffs.

When the whistle sounds for "curtain" the motley gathering galvanizes into action. A sudden primping among women and a seriousness among men. They are now facing reality.

Dana called them buccaneers on the high seas of journalism. Some call them press agents, publicity promoters, fakers and space grabbers. Yet here is a calling, peculiar to New York, that is paying in some instances salaries of $75,000 a year.

Press agentry is geared to its highest pitch here. It used to be that the men, who sired, nursed and reared reputations, worked only for people of the stage. Today there are few big men who haven't their press representatives.

Shops of all kinds—even the florist—have brash young men who try to bring trade to the door by the newspaper puff. City editors admit some of the best stories of the town are tipped off by press agents.

With rare exception, the press agent comes from the editorial room of a newspaper. He advances to his clients the theory that in New York there is only one hell—and that is to be disregarded. So for a consideration he agrees to trumpet the obscure into everlasting fame.

The socially ambitious who beat in vain against barred doors pay thousands of dollars weekly in their effort to be exploited in the social columns. A hundred social weeklies subsist on money paid by these same people to run their pictures and the blurb.

One woman indeed—when entrance to the inner circle was denied—founded a society paper on Long Island and with it held up so

many to scorn that she was accepted and now leads a class that once repulsed her.

He was one of those concert managers who take a young singer's last $500 and deliver nothing but the four walls of an almost empty hall at her début. She faced the ordeal—sang to a handful of people and then went home and swallowed poison. Prompt measures saved her. Her brother—a gob on a battleship—came over from Brooklyn, hunted up the manager and gave him a thrashing and then made him give the girl back $250.

Impressions of cities vary. My own are concerned with what would be regarded as unimportant details. For instance: Chicago, the blind, hatless man whose fox terrier leads him around the Loop; St. Louis, the unusually large street cars; Los Angeles, loitering farmer types; Kansas City, the wide-brimmed hat; Detroit, the pigeons in a public square; Pittsburgh, the hotel where guests sit at the street window; Washington, the trees in front of the Shoreham; Philadelphia, the jitneys; Indianapolis, the hotel built like the Flatiron

Building; Baltimore, the rows of white stone steps; Cincinnati, the lodging-houses on the levees; Louisville, the well-dressed ladies; New Orleans, the frijole shops; Paris, the squeaking taxis; London, the dull grayness; and my first impression of New York was a single horse, drawing the swank, two-wheeled hansom cab. That impression remains—the two-wheeler is still the swankest thing in New York to my rustic mind.

Amid the clamorous ugliness of Second Avenue in New York is Onion Mike's. My cicerone for the excursion to this underworld cache is a former Bowery clog dancer who has scaled the barrier, separating the underworld from the upper.

Onion Mike is a squat, gorilla-chested man with undershot jaw and bloodshot eyes. He wears a soiled sweater and several days' growth of beard. When he talks it is with a guttural eruption. It is evident he rules by fear.

He began with one of those sidewalk sandwich stands that cater to night-hawks. Then he moved into his cellar place. It is low-ceiled and clings to the coal-oil lamp.

It is the most hideous haunt I ever saw. I was told by my guide, who knew all the habitués, that murder was "five dollars a head" and I believe him. The women had gold teeth, parchment complexions and suspicious coughs.

One young fellow, not more than thirty, with claw-like hands, pounded a piano in his coat sleeves. He came over to our table to "cadge" a drink. He said he used to "spiel uptown in a swell joint."

"What brought you here?" I asked.

"Booze and a blonde," was his succinct reply.

The pièce de résistance on the menu was raw steak sandwiches with generous slices of raw onions. During the time I was there a policeman strolled in. The hush was ominous, but he merely strolled over to the water-cooler and refreshed himself with a drink.

A placid-eyed, wrinkled Chinaman sat in one corner with a girl of not more than twenty. They never talked but smoked one cigarette after another. In the back room a parrot now and then screamed its unholy imprecations. It swore with fiery abandon.

When New York drifts to afternoon tea in hotels one cannot help marveling at the pompous inanity of the crowds. It is the hour for those who are classed as "smart," girls with hair cut short like a boy's, girls with thumb rings, ridiculously long cigarette holders, clanking silver bracelets and jingling beads. The men are the type of polite wastrels who slobber over women's hands, purr platitudes, and have themselves paged. The talk is almost always about the reigning scandal. Incidentally, it is noticed, the "smartest" girls now wear simple frocks. The bizarre touch is in the jewelry. The other day in one of the hotels there appeared a man in American dress save for the strange Eastern head-dress, a turbaned affair. It was buzzed about that he was a Maharajah and lorgnettes lifted quickly. He sat alone at a table, indifferent to the brilliant gathering. Finally he was joined by a moving-picture director and they departed for a studio. He had merely dressed early.

The genuine book lover finds romance and adventure prowling about the dingy cellar book shops on lower Fourth Avenue and

Twenty-third Street. Some are half book store and half cigar store—the last stand of the individual tobacconist.

There is a quasi-Bohemian disorder—the rare smell of old tomes grown musty with age, mottled windows that have not been dressed for years. And the proprietors are aged, shabby and caring not for a sale, be it big or small.

You will find them in a cranky mood unless they sense a keen love of the customer for books worth while. The old booksellers' district is far removed from the savagery of the Roaring Forties and the dadaistic, vers libre-intellectualism of Greenwich Village.

The ancients, who appear invariably near-sighted, are human indexes of rare volumes and valuable bindings. They have drunk deep of the classics and if you mention any of the flippant writers of the day, you will find tempers mercurial.

There are no signs on the shop windows. They do not regard themselves as tradesmen. One of the most famous booksellers of the East Side is Max Maisel, who in addition is a "street corner lawyer." If he finds you have

a literary taste and are really hungry for good reading, he will open an account gladly.

"I have never found a man who really loved books who was not really honest," he says. He has a monopoly of the book trade in the Ghetto.

Another celebrated bookseller is an old codger in Fourteenth Street known as "Whitty." He is more than seventy. His memory for Dickens is remarkable. Quote a sentence from any of his works and "Whitty" will tell you in what chapter it appears. His shop is open only in the morning and at night, for in the afternoon he reads three or four hours in the rear of his shop and will not be disturbed.

Manhattan is one of the most superstitious cities in the world. Superstition is not confined entirely to the polyglot medley of races of the lower East Side. Over the Riverside Drive mansion entrance of a noted financier hangs a rusty horseshoe.

The highest priced barber shops have countless customers who insist upon having the right cheek shaved first and one of the biggest real

estate dealers in town carries a horse-chestnut to ward off evil.

East Side mothers wail their anguish during a high wind, for the cry of the elements is the voice of unbaptized children. Eighth Avenue has a famous old quadroon to whom the sick go to have her drive away the witches.

Love philters are sold openly in Grand Street, and Chinatown still rings with the tales of demonology. Scores of women in East Broadway and Essex Street express their belief in Lilith, the legendary first wife of Adam. She is supposed to harm the new-born child.

Settlement workers are continually harassed in the tenements by the faith of the dwellers in a noted woman who opposes the use of medicine and urges the use of the blood of a basilisk, the right eye of a serpent, and a tick taken from the left ear of a cat.

The Italian quarters in Mulberry Bend and Harlem are firm in their belief that certain people are possessed with "the evil eye." They balk "the evil eye" by pointing two fingers to the ground and reciting a certain incantation.

Around Coenties Slip and among the bowsprits of South Street the weather-beaten sea-

men puff their pipes and spin their wonder tales of the men who used to go down to the sea in ships. They will tell you of forms that rise out of the sea to warn of gales and typhoons.

At the première of New York's supreme summer show—the Follies! It glorifies the American girl, the producer says, but the Follies first night is the night for the cognoscenti who have not trailed off to climb an Alp or open a Newport villa.

Forty-second Street is lined with curious gapers to watch the arrivals. The curtain rises at 8:10, but the house is practically empty at nine. And then the rush—the panic. The lobby fills. And New York's smartest audience seeps through the darkened house to seats.

When the lights go on they turn from the show to watch each other and wave greetings. The chronic first nighters and the Death Watch occupy the lower part of the house. The usual crowd.

The high spots: Heywood Broun, the critic, on the aisle spurning the conventional

dress. Ray Long, the magazine editor, in his celebrated plush-trimmed dinner jacket. Frank Munsey in full evening regalia. Dolly Madison, the society reporter, his cherubic face abeam. For Dolly is really Morrie Paul, who has a triple-ply social standing. Reggie Vanderbilt and his white silk vest. Gene Buck and his merry greeting, "'Lo, kid." S. J. Kaufman and his London monocle. Allan Dwan, Billy Emmerich, Winnie Sheehan, Leo Marsh, Will Hogg, and his brother Mike, Sammie Goldwyn and Edgar Selwyn.

Bernard Sobel, a college professor turned press agent; Sailing Baruch, like a cosmopolite from E. Phillips Oppenheim; Victor Herbert, Ben Ali Haggin, Karl Kitchen, William Johnston, diminutive Bide Dudley, Gil Boag, King of Broadway.

All so New Yorkish. Oh, very! Still one misses Diamond Jim Brady and his resplendent white shirt-front. No first nighter before or since has occupied his peculiar niche along the Rialto. Diamond Jim set the opening time, for it was a superstition that bad luck followed the rising of the curtain without him.

During the entr'acte men and women leave

their seats and promenade. The women disobeying fire and house regulations by puffing cigarettes. There are many jeweled flasks passed about. And the show runs along until two o'clock and all stay to the finish to be present when the stars drag the lavender-collared Ziegfeld from the stage box as the curtain falls. And Ziggy blushes so!

A symbolic play was recently produced by a theatrical uplift movement. I sat through the seven scenes in a haze of bewilderment, trying to assimilate the fugitive lines. I left convinced I was not cuckoo. I was the whole clock.

It was as clear to me as a problem in geometry would be to the three-days-old baby. Either someone is doing some gosh-awful kidding in our theater or I am hopelessly dumb. (Cries of "No! No!") All around me folk whistled, cheered and stamped their admiration.

One of the scenes was an Elysian field, symbolical of heaven. A man who had murdered his mother, one who had murdered his boss, and a blond who had blown out the gas, sat

on a rock. One of the men had removed his shoes and socklessly made love.

Another scene was a graveyard. Two murderers in evening clothes slowly arose from the ivy-clad graves and smoked a popular brand of cigarettes to keep the mosquitoes away. In the offing a plaintive, moaning jazz band played an eerie number.

In the final scene a monster adding-machine was set in fragile puffs of clouds and the matricide patiently manipulated the adder. He had been doing it for an eternity. A keeper in overalls, gold-braided cap, who puffed cigars, finally sent him back to earth. A "blond skoit" he said was waiting for him around the corner of the cloud.

It was fantastic, of course. Yet to the average intellect it was meaningless. Between acts, I attempted to have a man, who was thrilling to it, explain, if possible, in "baby talk." He spoke of passion, rebellion and irony, and said it "was the color of dreams."

There have been at least six of these plays on the Rialto boards. In a scene in one no characters appear. There is merely a gas stove on the stage with something frying in

the skillet. The curtain drops and the audience booms its approval. I think I see the catch in this scene. The "frying skillet" must be symbolical of the audience. Indicating "poor fish."

The Jazz King

OUT of the West whizzed Paul Whiteman, Broadway's young Lochinvar of jazz. He is a big-thewed, gentle giant, whose career symbolizes the romance of a syncopated age. Whiteman is America's Jazz King! New York and London have acclaimed him and wherever the phonograph is played from Penn Yan to Kamchatka he is hailed as the master of jazz.

Whiteman is interesting not because of what he is but because of what he is not. Awkward, bashful and rather lumbering, he plays the fiddle only passably. Still his tunes make the toes of nations wiggle.

Whiteman has commercialized the primal instinct in a thinly coated civilization. The tom-tom in the jungle that calls the savage to play is no more eerie than the strains that he improvises.

He looks more the pink-faced, gentle curate than an exponent of "shimmy" strains. He is a six-footer with a plump body and beaming round face. A rather incongruous wisp of

mustache adorns his upper lip. Rivulets of flesh creep over the collar. You think of him as a rather engaging lad who is not at all certain of himself. He still blushes.

Yet here is a fellow not yet thirty who is paid a salary bigger than the President at Washington for his personal appearance leading an orchestra. He does nothing practically but pat his foot indifferently. He has none of the flourish of the average musical director.

He makes on an average two phonograph records a month for which there is a ready and instant sale. His income from this source alone for one year was more than $65,000, aside from the profits that went to members of his band.

Whiteman has also incorporated himself as Paul Whiteman, Inc. He has more than thirty bands, each playing as a "Paul Whiteman Band." Three are playing in New York —there are others in nearly every large city, one in Mexico City, another in Rio de Janeiro and so on.

He and his band have been featured in two of the most spectacular Broadway musical revues. Theatrical managers say his box-

office drawing power is as great as that of any star on Broadway and his band is paid a fabulous sum. In the theatrical patois, "Whiteman runs away with a show!"

Whiteman came from a well-known musical family in Denver. His father was a professor at a musical conservatory. His mother is an accomplished pianist. The background of his early life was music. He was almost born with a violin in his hands.

But music meant to him just one thing—restraint. It kept him indoors practicing and away from those things so dear to those of the Stone-Bruise Age. He fled from home—fled from notes and bars, arpeggios, cadenzas and scales. He sought the fleshpots. He become a black sheep.

Mechanics interested him. Flying sparks and whirling wheels thrilled him more than dulcet notes. He became a taxicab driver out in Los Angeles.

As a taxicab driver he fell in with the hard-boiled gentry of hectic nights. His mornings were headaches. He had no use for the bread-and-milk amenities of life. He was a tough lad.

He wanted the broad highway. Before him always was the vision of what might have been —the child prodigy with curly ringlets in a Lord Fauntleroy suit, playing the violin in the parlor for the kindly pats of prim, elderly ladies. He hated the violin.

One cannot rub elbows with the seamy side of life, know nocturnal haunts mentioned only in whispers and retain all the illusions. Life was lashing and toughening the boy whose mother-dreams were of the great virtuoso, stirring audiences of the world.

His future apparently meant only one thing —a blurry-eyed wreck of a cab driver. One sees them shivering on their perches in every city of the world—red-nosed anachronisms in dilapidated uniforms sucking at stub pipes.

This, then, is the Paul Whiteman that convivial companions knew before the metamorphosis. Quite logically one can imagine him eventually staggering some cold, wet night into an all-night mission where ancient has-beens are lifting their voices in "Washed in the Blood of the Lamb," and perhaps a magic regeneration. But that is not always life.

The war came along. It took a world

cataclysm to make Paul find himself. He wanted to do something, and joined the navy. He was asked by his superior what he could do. The navy has no need for taxi drivers. There was a flash back to boyhood. He could play a violin.

So he organized a six-piece orchestra and with doubtful poise enlivened the dreary life on battleships. The love for music that was bred in his bones was finding true expression. His hands steadied, his complexion cleared and he forgot his fair-weather friends. He found himself.

His first professional engagement after the armistice was at the famous Tate's in San Francisco. Just as he was finding a new meaning to the symphony of life he was finding a new meaning to the symphony of music. Weird strains were creeping in from the Barbary Coast—plaintive notes calling men back to their natural strain of savagery.

Whiteman watched his dance crowds under the sway of what they called jazz. He became its exponent. He learned the value of the wild shriek followed by the low, sobbing moan. He devised beating skillet, jangling

cowbell and muted horn interpolations through his tunes. Crowds filled Tate's. He was a drawing card.

New York café and theater managers were bringing band after band to town to whoop up things along the Trail of Blazing Lights. Their fame was evanescent.

And then Whiteman came to town and mounted the musical rostrum at the Palais Royal. This was the largest and most lavishly decorated dance hall in New York. But before Paul Whiteman came it had proved a "white elephant." The crowds were flocking to the small, intimate places.

Perhaps Whiteman arrived just at the opportune moment, just as the war for him had come along at the opportune moment. But the Palais Royal surged with new life. Whiteman's name was stenciled in letters of fire out front—letters larger than those that spelled the name of the café.

The Palais Royal became so popular that only formal dress was permitted among its patrons. This is snobbery that can only be indulged by cafés which are so in public demand that the head waiter may pick and

choose. This went on for a year; then Whiteman decided to go to London.

His success in New York was duplicated in London, and not only that—Whiteman became a figure in the British capital. The world of hired musicians set up so many barriers that Whiteman was forced to appeal to the United States Government at Washington to preserve the *entente cordiale.*

He became a figure along the Strand, Piccadilly and Regent Street and crowds tagged his heels. And he became an intimate of the Prince of Wales. Doors that American *nouveaux riches* beat against in vain were opened to Paul Whiteman.

For a time his popularity wrinkled venerable statesmen's brows. The Liberal press was lifting its voice. Paragraphed one: "Has it come to pass that the hope of England can do nothing but fall off horses and fraternize with an American jazz player?"

Others of the nobility flocked to the Grafton Galleries, where Whiteman played, and to the Hippodrome, where he appeared in a revue, to hail this strange, beefy fellow who had captured all London.

When his fame swept across the Channel Paris called him. A group of French capitalists offered to build a "Paul Whiteman Palais de Danse" on the historic Champs Élysées. But Paul came back—back to the Palais Royal.

When his fame swept across the channel jazz bands in airplanes circled out to serenade him. A jazz band, wearing life-preservers, floated about in the water. A chartered boat with representatives of the Mayor, the Police Department and the government at Albany met him with a loud huzzah and escorted him to his hotel.

That night in the historic Waldorf they gave him a dinner—a dinner whose guest list was as representative of all the arts as New York has ever seen. It was Paul Whiteman's night.

And when all the eulogies had been paid, they called on him.

He lumbered ungracefully to his feet. His face flamed and honest tears trickled down his cheeks. He lifted his glass to a box in the gallery. Just a few choking words came to his lips—words that could scarcely be heard in the back of the hall.

What Whiteman said was: "To my mother!" And he sat down completely overcome. As all eyes turned in the direction of his glance they saw a sweet-faced, silver-haired woman whose face shone with happiness and whose eyes glistened with tears.

Manhattan Minutes

IT WAS the backfire of a national scandal that involved one of the most prominent men in the metropolis. She was an obscure employee in one of the departments of his concern. A youthful affliction had given her a limp. She was scrawny and emaciated.

It was while the firm had given her a month's vacation in a western health resort that the world crumbled about the big man. From his high pinnacle he plunged dizzily to social ruin. Vituperative comment was on every lip. The press rang with his alleged infamy.

In those dark hours when the soul was stripped and raw there came only one word of encouragement and faith. It was from the heart-sick girl to the soul-sick man. She knew that one who had been so kind to her was not all bad, she wrote in a note of sympathy.

He replied and asked her to return to New York at once. She did and although she had been a cog in his vast machine, he now saw

her for the first time. Their common suffering gave impetus to friendship. From a hall bedroom she moved into a luxurious apartment on West Fifty-seventh Street.

She who had ridden in street cars is transported in limousines. Her sole companion, save his occasional visits, is a blind Pekinese dog. From a salary of $22 a week she receives an income of $1,500 a month. She is swathed in sable and chinchilla.

He is a rich man and what is left of the fragments of his life is centered in her. He goes nowhere and sees no one save her. At midnight a muffled figure calls for her and together they drive far out beyond the city limits.

It is said that when his business and domestic affairs have been settled they plan to marry and leave for one of the outer rims of the world. Here they will take up life anew and try to forget. And that, of course, is another story.

Manhattan with all its militant mediocrity, strutting ostentation, comic ideals and jitney cults is keenly sympathetic toward many seri-

ous things in life. The art galleries, library reading-rooms and afternoon concerts are always well patronized.

There are thousands of New Yorkers who pay monthly visits to the Metropolitan Museum of Art— a place no visitor should miss. Here one is transported back to forgotten pasts. There is something staggering about the medieval hall and its magnificent pageant.

Serious drama, too, finds the most enthusiastic reception in New York to be found anywhere. And it is not at all unusual to hear a sparkling discussion of opera and literature in the little one-armed lunchrooms of Sixth Avenue at night.

When the weather permits there is usually a group in Battery Park watching the beauty of the sunset. Just as there is a group against the rail on Brooklyn Bridge to see the city light up. These are mostly clerks, mechanics and small tradesmen.

In the quiet little book-shops on side streets where the hum of the city is far away, one finds atmosphere fairly reeking with cerebration. Here are people who know little of spectacular revues and French cafés.

Visit any of the quaint old spots where history peeps through the march of Progress all about and you find New Yorkers thrilling to the long ago. Even when winter snows drift heavily in Central Park there is generally a crowd viewing the beauty of the obelisk.

What the visitor sees about New York is life in its most vivid form—the flash of tinsel. It takes many years to get away from these externals and see the cultural ferment that in stirring underneath. New York perhaps hasn't the culture of Boston but there is a side to it that is tremendously earnest and sincere.

It was one of those gray days with a gripping fog blowing up from the harbor and dull blobs of lights showing in the skyscrapers. New York at such a time remains indoors. The city droops. On East Thirty-second Street a blind man was playing an eerie tune on his accordion. Across the way a furtive rag-picker was poking about with his spiked stick. And a one-carriage funeral moved slowly eastward. We sometimes think of a little hut at the forks of the creek near an Ohio town as being the most lonesome place

in the world. It is far away from the road and as quiet as the tomb. Yet it doesn't compare to New York on one of those gray, foggy days.

Organized thievery is looked upon as lightly in Gotham as a gewgaw in a pawnbroker's window. It rears its head highest in polite-appearing cafés where Volsteadism is the object of derision. New York is a city where people do not add up checks.

There is a plump little cashier in a certain café who is paid $20 a week salary and makes $240 on the side by juggling figures to bewilder patrons. The rakeoff by indirect addition in some of the big restaurants runs into hundreds of thousands in a year.

This sort of sandbagging is not amenable to law. If the patron asks for his "l'addition" and discovers a mistake the waiter merely murmurs his abject apology. And people from Manhattan or Manitoba accept the stenciled humbuggery without thought of protest.

In the old days of hotel bars cashiers would work without pay just for the revenue de-

rived from what were known as "sleepers" —those who became rather befuddled and walked away without taking their change.

It is the custom of New York to look lightly upon the parasite. Pickpurses and brigands are given a popular bravado. Indeed they are regarded as clever. That is why the Hat Check Trust has such an amazing and lasting flourish.

Cafés throw a smoke screen about the frauds in addition. In those where the gouge is heaviest their method is oblique. In red letters on the check they tell of the perfection of their checking system and ask that each patron scan the items and total the sum carefully.

Of course, this is exactly what they do not want you to do. And when a man is flush with etherized cocktails he has little interest in applying his skill at mathematics. He is more interested in things less frivolous.

Another source of high revenue in midnight cafés is the reckless abandonment of the silver flask by the patron. At the Montmartre, it is said, an average of two dozen flasks are left on the tables in a night. The

patronage there is among those whose flasks are valuable. Two dozen solid silver flasks, melted, bring a sizeable sum. And there is a place on East Houston Street, owned incidentally by a Jew born in Dublin, that makes a specialty of buying deserted flasks from owners of cafés.

They sold a life-sized painting of little Jimmy Blank the other day at auction for a few dollars. It marked the closing chapter of a dramatic career in finance—a career that could only have reached fruition in hard-boiled Manhattan.

Jimmy was a dynamic young man who dreamed big dreams. He wanted to make business a poem instead of the prosaic thing it is. He flourished for a time with his Business Builders, Inc. He even dramatized the idea and the play appeared on Broadway.

Jimmy was more like a college boy than a business man in appearance. He wore a cap, belted, flaring overcoat and dazzling shirts. He beamed optimism. In the floor that he occupied with his business builders in a big office building were five pianos.

For Jimmy started the daily routine of crass commercialism with song. His salesmen lifted their voices with a tune whose refrain began:

I love to be to be a salesman, a salesman,
I love to be a business builder, too,
Yes. I do-oo-oo.

His dream was shattered in the reality of the bankruptcy court and those who bought the stock found nothing but worthless paper, but they still believed in Jimmy. And his million-dollar smile. His was the engaging personality that instills confidence.

It is in New York that these brisk types find their niche. They come and go almost every few months. When the bubble bursts they blame "The interests!"

The first time I met Jimmy he was pacing up and down in a little office on Forty-sixth Street. The play dramatizing himself and his idea, had opened a frost. The critics laughed. Jimmy had frittered away a huge sum. He kept repeating "It's going to be a hit, it's going to be a hit!"

Kale and Farewell

IN THE Broadwayesque section of New York termed the Roaring Forties is the lair of the Gold Digger. There, with pouting lips, baby stare and dégagé smile, she lies in wait for those who go intriguing incog.

The past year has been rich with "pay dirt" in the flaming Gulch of the Diggers. Men in high places who have strayed from peaceful hearths to seek the Understanding Woman have plunged spectacularly to social, financial and domestic ruin.

Their bleached bones are the "Stop, Look and Listen!" signs along the way. One was untrussed by a murder, another by blackmail and countless others by the inexorable law that has its way of dealing with the faithless.

Broadway will tell you, "The bigger they are, the harder they fall!" There is unlimited precedent for the axiomatic truth. It is not the rheumatic old roué with a spare tire under each eye who sinks in the Broadway bog. More often than not it is your man of affairs —the person who inspires the headline tribute

of Financial Wizard. Not until his honey-dripping letters are read to a dozen men with whom he has not even a bowing acquaintance and they return with the verdict does he realize his quest for the Understanding Woman has failed.

He may be the pillar of great commercial enterprise, an upstanding figure with steely eye and granite jaw; but when he falls into the hands of the digger he becomes the "heavy sugar papa"—topic of café jest.

The mountainous bank roll, he learns, has not dwindled for the sole maintenance of "the girl who understands" but for the upkeep on the side of her pomaded gigolo, who bears Broadway's priceless sobriquet—"My Daddy."

There is in New York a group of the illuminati known colloquially as "The Poor Fish Club." The spirit is one of mockery. The members are those who have been hooked through the gills.

The president lost his heart to a member of that amazing sisterhood, "the beautiful but dumb." Tortured by insomnia, he walked the streets by night, neglected his business by day,

and was saved from a breakdown by the ministrations of a Christian Science healer.

And there is that recurring rumor that pops into the social gossip weeklies from time to time of the enormously rich New Yorker who, in a magnanimous moment, purchased an entire apartment house in an exclusive area when admittance was denied the sepia *comédienne* of a midnight supper club.

Who, then, are the Gold Diggers—the little rays of sunshine illuminating the far-away corners of the darkened grill?

Hardened habitués of that half-world of the Tenderloin call them "Dumb Doras." Farther uptown they are "O. M. D.'s"—Old Men's Darlings.

They are the "ladies of the evening"—buoyantly light-hearted, extravagantly dressed and always hungry. Their jaunty flag of piracy bears the inscription, "Kale and farewell!"

The attraction is their youth, and so in idle hours their time is spent in an unceasing round of the coiffure parlors and beauty shops. They know the tragedy of fading beauty.

Their chatter is the almost unintelligible flippancy of the day. Such as: "Be yourself!"

"Ain't you comic?" "Don't be ridic!" and "Be your age, dearie, be your age!"

There is the story of one Forty-niner with cutely bobbed hair who was having the *"amour impropre"* with a man who was an occasional patron of the art galleries.

Once she accompanied him to view the canvases. Going home she was silent but thoughtful. Finally she sighed, "Well, I ain't took up art yet, but when I do I'll make it hum."

It is a custom among them to select euphonious names. Thus in the telephone books they are listed as Jacqueline Jonquil, Trixie Tortoni, Goldie Gondola and other pseudonyms.

They come to New York from the aspiring metropolises of the East, West and South seeking a career—generally on the stage. They will tell you, aided by excellently trained tear ducts, of their failure because they refused to "pay the price."

That is their lament, but in most cases they were untrained for the stage; and after being greeted day after day at the agencies with "Sorry, but nothing today," they swing off into the primrose path, the path Tin Pan Alley lyricizes as leading to Potter's Field.

The bright lights of the cabaret and midnight supper haunts beckon. In this atmosphere they learn of Barnum's failure as a mathematician. Instead of one being born every minute there is one every second.

They discover there are "tired business men" who will pay fifty dollars for a ready dinner companion; and so their education proceeds, here a little and there a little, until they become adroit in the art of polite blackmail.

These are the girls who spill the scalding tear in the caviar at the mawkish sentimentality of a "home and mother" song, holding the hand of the errant husband who will soon achieve the first pages. He may not know it, but sooner or later he is going to provide for her what is known in headlines as "heart balm."

In the beginning the apotheosis of existence is a fur coat; after that a home uptown and a cabriolet; and finally a $20,000 a year apartment on Park Avenue, and a car equipped with a day and a night chauffeur.

Few attain the latter stage of glorification, but the few who have attained it are the shining examples that spur the others on.

The most exclusive shops welcome their patronage, for they buy the best. Of course, the items are entered in "green," which indicates the bill must be mailed to the office of the sap who pays the bill.

The Gold Digger is a hedonist. Each night she wants to go "café-ing." She does not care to be alone with troublesome thoughts. She realizes some day "papa's sugar" will turn to salt, and then the annoyance of digging up the letters cached in a safety vault and trotting off to the lawyer.

This means shocking news for the folk back home, clicking cameras, brash reporters, etc., etc.

The digger is not always the wanton. She has her code, and in her opinion it is far removed from those who line up in police courts, members of the oldest profession.

In her excursions to Broadway she has learned many things. Among them is that there are "saps" and "square shooters." She angles for "saps." They are the men who, reversing the Kipling dictum, will pay and pay and pay.

A lightly tossed smile, a coy reluctance to

go out to dinner, a baby lisp—these are the ephemeral implements that dig the golden nuggets. Then there is the family she has to support, the cruelty of the big pitiless city and the final weep in the taxi going home. Life indeed is hard!

Broadway pays its tribute to the digger's art in all-night shoe, millinery and drug stores. These places are open so that a sudden whim for boots, hats or cosmetics may be gratified. The urge for a pair of red or green shoes with crisscrossed strappings may be developed over the final quart of champagne at the supper club. "Do it now!" is the digger's favorite slogan. Tomorrow may be too late.

A part of the sun dodgers' equipment is a gambling device—a toddle top, a pair of dice, or a set of miniature cards. Of course, they know nothing about gambling. But it is all such childish fun, and then, too, no gentleman would win from a lady.

The gay creature knows the public café is "Divorce's Halfway House," and so when she slips away with some wandering spouse to summon Rabelais and the brave Boccaccio she always manages to pilot him to the "great open

space" of the dansant. His public appearance with her may prove valuable later.

Many of the most skilful diggers are not out of their 'teens. There is one who carries around a Teddy Bear and still others who wear their hair in childish ringlets. But the veneer of youth is thinly coated—underneath is the flint of ages.

Among the twentieth-century Loreleis, so young in years and old in worldliness, is a camaraderie of trickery. The Lothario who fears to be caught may take along his emissary, who, like the bird that warns the rhinoceros, scans for danger. He may use fictitious names, but if he is "heavy sugared" they will find him out. They work in unison.

No digger is complete without her ukulele. She is adept in the psychology of cheap sentiment. She knows the effect of a few gin and gingers followed by a plaintive, crooning song. The combination mellows the stoniest heart.

Men, famed for nickel-nursing, sign on the dotted line. And perhaps when this is over and the lights are low, as luck will have it, a furrier or jeweler raps at the door, demanding back payments.

Does he get it?

In diggers' lore, "I'll tell the cock-eyed world he does."

Then the next day when a few of them have gathered around to discuss the spoils they thrum their ukes and sing in doubtful lyrics this Broadway classic:

Dig a little deeper, dig a little deeper, dig a little deeper, dear;
Don't mind if he's old, dig and you'll find gold.
Take a little shovel, dig a little hovel
On Fifth Avenue, Riverside will do, a place in the country, too.
Go find some check collector in some cabaret,
Out where each wife neglecter throws his dough away.
Dig a little deeper, dig a little deeper; don't mean any wrong—
Just a lot of good kids, trying to get along.

The New Lobsteria

BROADWAY, once the wettest street in the universe, is today crackling with aridity. Mopped up with a prohibition sponge, the famous thoroughfare is bleached as dry-white as its dazzling lights. But a new Lobsteria blooms!

It blossoms in quiet grandeur far from the Broadway incandescence. The East Side mansion in the fashionable Fifties is now the elegant speak-easy; and lowly jazz, conceived in levee squalor, has donned the purple.

The map of caféland is entirely changed. It has hurdled Fifth Avenue and landed in the midriff of Park and Madison Avenue aristocracy. The millionaire's neighbor is a bootlegger.

The upper Broadway that once glittered with the imposing gastronomic array is now a bleak procession of rapid-fire lunches, chain coffee-shops and pastry parlors.

Gone are Rector's, Shanley's, Churchill's, Bustanoby's and a host of others whose nightly beacons burned so brilliantly for the hedonist.

Only the melancholy jangle of the souvenir shop piano remains as a remnant of the old days when $5,000 a week orchestras marked time for the wealthy wastrel.

In their stead has come a flood of midnight supper clubs, giving mad Manhattan a muted night life behind somber façades of the private home. Acoustics have been deadened. Doors and walls thickened. Gaiety stalks in padded privacy.

For those who go home early there are sprinkled about the new Lobsteria little French cafés with awninged fronts and shaded lights. These are the glorified fragments of the picturesque table d'hôte where "red ink" or *vin ordinaire* gave a Parisian tang to the sixty-five cent dinner.

The New York that once went to bed at two A.M., the official closing hour, now goes to troubled sleep at dawn. Midnight shows and nine and ten o'clock revues touch off the evening round of pleasure instead of the old-fashioned dinner at seven o'clock and the eight o'clock play.

The growth of the midnight supper clubs has been one of the amazing evolutions of

prohibition. Before prohibition there were only a very few places permitted an all-night license.

One man now controls a dozen supper clubs and more than one hundred are listed in the telephone directory of Manhattan. Brooklyn and the Bronx have their quota. Harlem has "black-and-tan" resorts with a two-dollar *couvert* charge.

The new clubs are the last word in elegance. The highest-priced decorators are given carte blanche. The rooms are hung with the richest silver and gold brocades and festooned with mural garlands of old-world masters.

It is in this splendor that the present crop of New York spenders hold their revels. It is a spending pace the like of which New York has never seen before. A modest evening for two leaves scarcely enough from a hundred dollar bill to ease the hat-check girl's palm.

Known as clubs, one gains membership easily. A silk hat or evening suit is the badge that opens the chained portals. Inside there is an ominous hush and restraint to revelry. Imperious headwaiters tiptoe about to still noise with polite fingers to their lips.

Voices are pitched low and orchestras are muffled. But the crowds drink deep and hard as though this drink were the last.

Occasionally there comes a sudden order to remove all flasks from tables. Into the room step a pair of derbied men who move quickly from table to table, making a hurried survey.

They appear a little abashed by the banter of the crowd. The headwaiter bows them out with a mocking grin—and the carousal resumes. Just revenue agents!

There is no effort at camouflage in serving drinks. One may have what one pleases—if one has the price—whether it be vintage wine or the rarest cordial. Champagne sells at twenty dollars a quart—in some places thirty dollars; the cocktail, highball and cordial, one dollar a drink.

The cocktail is served openly in the delicately flanged glass, and silver wine-coolers grace the tableside, but the apparently inexhaustible source of supply is cleverly hidden.

Raiders may come night after night and not find a single intoxicating drop on the

premises. Proprietors will guide them to every nook and cranny with unctuous daring.

The innocent-looking bottle of table water, that contains a pint of whiskey, more than likely was fetched by a waiter from a house one block away.

The rows of overcoats, apparently belonging to diners, that hang along the wall have bottles of liquors in each pocket from which waiters fill their orders. Indeed, in many places the water carafe is filled to the brim with gin from which libations may be poured into the glass of chilled orange juice. There are spigots in bass drums!

The new Lobsteria is a world of deceit and trickery with everybody evidently intent on the final fling. They know that it cannot last.

The sophisticate and satyr are there. There are young girls, thrilling to their first drink, and bald, pudgy men, saturnine and disillusioned, trying to drown a lethargic hopelessness in wine and music.

Young men who speak of their women lightly and are beginning to scar with chronic dissipation. The silver-haired roué, burnt out by the white heat of Broadway, with the

young gold-digger who will cry him out of a fur coat before the soup arrives.

The professional gambler with his retinue of hangers-on who sits at the head of the table —an ancient oracle, reciting his modern credo —lives hard and dangerously.

The matronly woman from Omaha who under the mellowing influence of a few gin and gingers begins to weep because the buffalo is disappearing. Men-about-town glooming because the seltzer was flat at the four-o'clock breakfast.

Scarlet sisters who toss engaging smiles. Collegiates. Timid sightseers who hope they will run across no one from home. The alderman with white socks and frayed cigar, looking out "for his district." The same old White Way crowd in a new setting.

The New York police have been largely shorn of their power to interfere by the repeal of the Mullin-Gage Act. They must act cautiously. So the dance goes on.

The inroad of this new Lobsteria among the homes of the rich and respectable has caused many owners to close their residences and leave for Europe. In streets that once

were as quiet as the graveyard, now there is the medley of honking taxis and the shout of tipsy revelers.

Now and then there comes a few days' lull. From some mysterious source comes the "tip-off." Raids are brewing. Diners, seeking liquid cheer, are met with polite refusals. They must wait a day or so. And then the lid pops off again with a bang.

The old Broadway is no more. It struggles to rout the luminous ghosts of the past with tinseled fol-de-rol and fails. The new Broadway is east of the Avenue instead of west.

George M.

I HAD just left the labyrinthine depths of a darkened theater, where I had gone to see the man who is as much the symbol of Broadway as the blazing incandescents in whose effulgence I stood.

A few days before Ray Long and I, across a luncheon table, were casting about for a magazine topic. He had asked me, as one who has for many years studied the Broadway pageant, who in my opinion was the most typical Broadwayite of all those who feed and fatten along the pearly way—someone who emblematized this amazing street of sighs and headaches, of joy and laughter.

So my quest led me to the dressing room of George M. Cohan. For "Little Georgie," more than any other man I know, is the personification of Broadway. He has all the razzle-dazzle and the kaleidoscopic colorings of humor, tragedy and pathos of America's most famous thoroughfare.

Wealth and world plaudits have brought little change to Cohan. He is still at heart a

song-and-dance man although cast for the topmost rôles in the shifting life of the American theater.

The song-and-dance man is the odd and supreme romanticist of the "two a day." Each believes he is the best in the business. His ambition is to play the Palace. On the Broadway curb or in his theatrical boarding-house you will usually find him rehearsing new steps and patter. He is given to baggy caps, belted coats and bamboo canes. And Cohan has never outgrown them.

Yet, underneath the egotism and air of worldliness of the song-and-dance man, there is rare loyalty and tenderness. It is proverbial that song-and-dance teams rarely split.

I found Cohan swathed in a green silk dressing-gown, removing the grease-paint and powder. He had just finished the performance of the current play, which he had written, produced and in which he was the bright, particular star.

It has been only a few years ago, while working on a western newspaper, that I received a clip sheet of press stuff from Cohan which began: "Boys, I'm on my first mil-

lion!" and ended with the ebullient egoism: "Watch me build a theater and knock 'em cold!" It was the voice of a song-and-dance man, crying in the wilderness.

What astounding self-assurance for a mere vaudeville "piff-awmer" of the cut and dried mold! I pictured him in old age still doing his stuff—entering as the house was being seated, singing "While strolling through the park one day, etc.," and winding up in a whirl of flying feet and tapping heels.

Yet here I was standing in the presence of the same George M. Cohan, who is today not only a millionaire but the owner of theaters, a capable producer, a keen playwright, successful song writer and brilliant star and in my changed opinion, the most interesting figure of this day or any other day in our theater.

It seemed difficult to imagine that this man with almost snow-white hair and deepening crows-feet was such a short while ago buck-winging and star-spangled-bannering his way to fame.

In the old days Cohan was the jumping-jack hoofer with nasal twang and half-bent,

strutting swagger, broadcasting his regards to Broadway and shouting his remembrances to his beloved Herald Square.

Just as Broadway is paradoxical, so in the same fashion is Cohan. Broadway at one moment flashes its pomposity and the next may stand mute—a human entablature to some trivial grief.

Cohan has a way at times of strutting like a peacock and at other times he slinks away, apparently bruised and beaten by contact with the rough edges of a hurly-burly theatrical life.

One day he may be fighting actors and the next, sending money anonymously to some who have fallen by the wayside. It is proverbial along Broadway that "when you are broke see Cohan!" To the profession he stands as a ready response to the "quick touch." "Let George do it" was coined for him.

His charity is as unostentatious as his vanity is pronounced. He pleaded with me not to speak of this soft spot in his make-up. Cohan likes to appear hard and unyielding. But because a man's private acts more likely than

not reveal inner depths of character, I made no promises.

I happen to know he is the despair of his friends and business associates for his open-pursed generosity. There are broken-down actors, penniless chorus men and girls, rheumatic lobby charwomen, crippled stage-hands and others allied with the theater who, in adversity, receive weekly checks from Cohan.

He is unswerving in loyalty to his associates. Most of them have been with him since the days when Cohan was "Broadway's best laugh" a hoofer, trying to beat the dangerous game. He spoke tenderly of Sam Harris who battered his way up from East Side prize-fight promoting to become Cohan's partner. Their paths are separate now but he is still Cohan's "pal." All men to Cohan are either "guys" or "pals."

He clings to the song-and-dance man patter—the strange backstage jargon from which most of our slang is minted. Cohan is as slangy today as he was in the trouping days when his world was young.

In repose he has a melancholy naiveté—a wistful sort of shyness—that speaks of some

hidden sorrow. I still believe he would rather be the care-free song-and-dance man than to be weighted down with the responsibilities that now are his.

Touch a sensitive spot and Cohan is a human skyrocket. He is a wiry little scrapper and no man is too big for his sting, when he gets into action. If a manager tries to grab any of Cohan's glory, he will find Cohan on his neck.

Several years ago I was associated with another theatrical manager, who had borrowed a comedian from Cohan, who happened to have no place for him at the time. There was a row over the billing. Cohan insisted that the line, "Mr. Soandso Presents," have the addenda, "By special arrangement with George M. Cohan," in just as big letters as those of the producer and star. In this he was adamant and he won his point.

Broadway producers have learned long since to tread softly at the Cohan gates. He has all the courage of his ancestral Irish and something of the strain that made a Cæsar. Over on the East Side they would call him "a good tough lad."

If I have given the impression Cohan is an upstart, lifted from gutter mediocrity, I have expressed myself clumsily. His life has always been of the theater. He was nursed in the wings. He learned early to know that the stage world is a world where it is pretty much every man for himself.

Yet his family life was ideal. There have been few as close-knit family ties in the history of stage folk as that which existed among The Four Cohans—George, Josephine and the father and mother. Their lives together was an epic. George and his mother remain and the mention of those who have gone brings freshets of tears.

Cohan has an office in the Broadway theater which bears his name but he was not meant for flat-topped desks, handy buzzers and office routine. When he goes there he merely flits through and then takes back stairs to an area-way where he transacts business—walking up and down in the hunched-over Cohan fashion, hands in pockets and cap at a rakish angle.

He has a boyish manner in overcoming obstacles. If he meets opposition, he does not

engage in legal snarling or the exchange of polite and meaningless communications.

He meets his adversary with: "Don't kid me; I'm your pal!"—and if that doesn't win the day, Cohan is through. The term "pal" is his sublimest encomium just as it is today among song and dance men. It is not lightly bestowed and if a man does not accept this true expression of Cohan praise, he will have no more of him.

Like all song-and-dance men Cohan is always the trouper. He likes the "spot." He is the victim of the hereditary actorism that demands center stage. He once resigned from a theatrical club in a pet, and a year or so later, when he was restored to the fold, Broadway greeted the straying lamb with the loud huzzah—parades and fireworks. That is Cohan's stuff and he loves it. In reality it was stage atavism—the song-and-dance man, crashing back through the veneer of dignity to his original rôle.

Two or three times he has stepped dramatically into the leading rôle of one of his plays, after some actor had fumbled the part, and swept it out of the abyss of failure to the

pinnacle of success by sheer artistry and astounding personality.

He knows the theater. He can stop a laugh in the throat with a sob and he can muffle the sob with a howling laugh. He was first to dramatize the flag—revealing his insight into "hokum" as well as his insight into the art that makes the theater great.

Cohan has always been an opportunist. A striking example was his composing the song "Over There"—our first military tune of the war and as a result the most lasting. After its enormous sale, he sold it for $25,000.

Standing under the canopy of a Broadway hotel one day, as a band marched along playing this tune, Cohan had a far-away look and turning to a motion picture magnate, said: "That guy certainly slings a wicked trombone." Everybody was quick-stepping to his melody but the "oom-pahing" trombonist had the "spot" and that is where Cohan's heart was.

Five times he has tried to leave Broadway and retire to his farm at Great Neck, the seat of the theatrical colony on Long Island. He makes the dramatic cry: "I'm through boys,

I'm through." But he never is nor will he ever be. Deep in his heart he knows he is as much an integral part of Broadway as Longacre Square.

"I want to get away," he told me and there was a touch of the Cohanesque wistfulness, "away with my family. To tour the world. You see I have only been with them for a few minutes at a time. Broadway is always calling me."

And Broadway will continue to call and Cohan will heed. For he will always be the romantic song-and-dance man, with ear cupped for the sweetest music the actor ever hears—applause. He would rather be out front singing "I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy" than sit with the gods.

My Luck with Chauffeurs

THERE are good chauffeurs, I know. All my automobile-owning friends have them. They will sit around for hours, when we really should be discussing what Hollywood calls "dirt," telling what a treasure Fred is. He has been with them ten years and is like one of the family.

He keeps his uniform freshly pressed, the car spic and span and his sense of direction is something marvelous. He never gets on the wrong road and he goes over bumps without the slightest jar. Fred is a diamond in the rough. Technique oozes from his spotless hands.

But my personal experiences with chauffeurs have been, to say the least, unfortunate. They come to me, stay a few days, and then wander away. I never hear of them again. In fact, I don't care if they never write.

There was Herbert. He came to me with a sheaf of amazing vouchers of past performances. He was willing to do anything—even

to washing the dog. He thrilled to his work and a Sunday off, he said, gave him the blues. He would rather be tinkering with the car.

He was particularly explicit about his appetite. He didn't care about food. He intimated he had the appetite of a canary. And I found he did—a "peck" at a time. Eating was the fondest thing he was of. Six times on the way to Ossining from New York he stopped at those roadside lunch hutches for one of those medicated bandage things known as a jelly roll, which he washed down with a glass of milk.

Whenever you wanted Herbert all you had to do was page the neighboring dairy lunches. He was certain to be in one, perched on a high stool, polishing off a plate of corned beef hash, an Irish stew or what-have-you. He had oilcloth pockets, in which he carried dried herring and crackers to nibble between his daily-dozen meals.

If he happened to hear a dinner bell while motoring along the countryside, he would begin drooling at the mouth and burst right out crying. When he saw a sign, "Chicken Dinner," he would swerve toward it as naturally

as a dog goes for a bone. Herbert left me because we put a Yale lock on the ice chest.

Then there was Aloysius. His talk was lumpy with technical terms. He was very professorial, despite his sporty Norfolk jacket. He was constantly expounding on vibration. One might have thought he knew more about vibration than Henry Ford, who invented it.

Aloysius wore horn-rimmed glasses and was soaked with antipathy toward work. Whenever we started motoring some place he would begin a lecture on high mileage, flexibility, valves or noisy gears. I think eventually he will make the Chautauqua. And if he does, he'll never wring a salute from me.

He was too much of a thinker to run an automobile. I wouldn't trust him with a kiddie-car. Only my wild yells saved him twice from hitting old men on crutches. And once on a dark night, while he was half turned in his seat delivering a talk on ignition, he ran smack into the foot of a mountain. A man who can't be trusted with mountains has no place in the garage.

For many weeks I husbanded my wrath for the final sting. Al was growing entirely too

erudite, so I paid him two weeks' salary and suggested his going to Harvard to understudy the faculty.

The next on the list was Joe. He was just as dumb as Al was educated. I am told they had to burn down the schoolhouse to get him out of the fourth grade. He thought the Monroe Doctrine had something to do with one-flight-up clothing shops.

Once I told him to drive me to Sing Sing and he drew up in front of the Metropolitan Opera House. Whenever a traffic cop saw him coming the cop scurried down a manhole like a frightened rabbit.

Joe was pure granite from the neck up. He had a habit of replying to every question with "What did you say?" At times when you saw an intelligent gleam in his eyes and began to suspect he was going to have a lucid interval he would begin humming "Yes, We Have No Bananas."

The most interesting thing he could find about our apartment was an hour-glass. He would spend an entire evening, gazing at it with fascination. I don't know what has become of him, but I have a suspicion he can

be found some place in charge of a keeper, cutting out paper dolls.

The next venture in trying to secure a driver was in hiring Les. I never found out his last name, but I imagine it was Branes or something similar.

Les was a drugstore cowboy. His coat was belted at the armpits and he was dripping with wise cracks. You could just imagine him on his evenings off and the girls going back to the canning factory talking about what a cut-up Les was.

He owned a raccoon coat and a saxophone and you can't beat that combination in city slicking. Whenever anybody asked him his name he would come right back with the announcement that he was Mr. Dooley of Gallagher and Shean.

Most of his time was spent at the movies and he was the type of fan who moves his lips reading the captions. He would come back from some movie and spend an hour, telling the cook about the launching of the S. S. Colorado and the close-up of the governor's daughter.

Les knew all the popular songs and every-

thing—except how to run an automobile. As a chauffeur he was the most accomplished cigarette smoker I have ever beheld.

O, yes, he knew all the new dance steps, too. Joe intimated that he was only driving a car temporarily. He was going to direct Mary Pickford in her next picture, or, as he called it, "pitcher."

Driven to desperation, I decided at last to hire a Yellow Peril. He was a cute little Japanese named Otsu. He was a quickstepper who sucked in his breath in talking to show the Jap inferiority complex.

Otsu went to bed with the backache every night from bowing. No matter what you said he would genuflect almost to the ground. He finally got me doing it and we became an amateur set of Alphonses and Gastons.

He called me an Honorable Sir and himself a miserable so-and-so. I began to puff all up with my importance. Otsu, however, had a very bad memory. He would never bring back any change. No matter if you gave him fifty cents or a ten-dollar bill for something that cost twenty-five cents, you were all out of luck.

He began to be very expensive. I had nightmares of sending him for a morning paper with a hundred-dollar bill. Once when I spoke to him rather hesitantly about returning the change from a twenty-dollar bill he was so affable and polite that I could never find it in my heart to do it again. You might have thought that I had grievously wounded the entire Japanese nation. He went around for weeks with that pained, hurt look in his slant eyes.

We all remember the old copybook maxim, "Politeness Pays." Otsu proved it beyond the shadow of a doubt in a financial way. However, there were times when politeness didn't do him any good. Once he ran by a traffic signal and when the cop bawled, "Draw up at the curb there and wait," Otsu tried to win him over with his suavity.

He prostrated himself with salaams. He debased himself in the greatest display of obeisance I have ever seen. But he got his ticket just the same. So it seems reasonable to amend the maxim to "Politeness pays—except with a traffic cop."

My next chauffeur was Ole. I will not

speak of him except to say that Ole is not with me any more. I don't know where he went, but if he went where I would like to see him go, I hope he hasn't even an asbestos suit.

So, in the end, I decided to learn to drive myself. But that, as somebody has quaintly said, is another story. I only ask for a chauffeur like those my friends have. They are super-jewels.

Bragging about chauffeurs seems as inherent in man as his penchant for boasting of his ability to mix a salad dressing.

I am just as certain that there are good chauffeurs as I am that there are good bank presidents. Indeed, there appears always to be a bumper crop.

Perhaps it is just my luck. I know I was in Tiffany's once when all the lights went out and there I was in the department of heavy bronze elephants.

Or, perhaps, I am too hard to please. I don't ask much. I only ask that my chauffeur won't wrap the car around a telegraph pole more than once a season and that, if it doesn't interfere with his own social duties, he let me

have the car once or twice a week at nights.

I am willing to feed him, drink him and will look the other way when he passes the cigarette box.

He can even call me by my first name and I'll join him now and then in a game of seven-up in the garage.

Along the Dazzling Gulch

WHAT is Broadway? Anatole France tried to answer the question and so did Pierre Loti, who gave his own colorful, yet disappointing impression. Broadway is the most misunderstood street in the world. It is typical only of itself and an attempt to compare it is futile.

To understand Broadway is not to consider it a street of theaters, table d'hôtes, old-rose and gilt dansants, rapid-fire lunches, magic shops, pastry parlors, hotels and clogged with traffic debris and oddly dressed people.

Broadway is a state of mind—a comedy, tragedy, frown and a smile. It bestows with one hand and takes away with the other. It is a cynic and an optimist, a royal good fellow, a beautiful woman, a high-ball and a headache. The spirit of Broadway is the spirit of the carnival.

It is a punch bowl of champagne with roses floating on the surface and sharp, cruel briers hidden underneath. The confirmed Broad-

wayite believes with Elizabeth that life is a bog over which we must travel lightly for if we stop we sink. The camaraderie of Broadway is as free as the air and at the same time as costly as jewels.

Men have risen to the top of their professions and later sold lead pencils around a Broadway corner. One of New York's most famous surgeons may be seen, a slinking, furtive figure, hunting for drugs along Times Square.

Broadway welcomes heroes and proves them to be clay. Broadway—song, laughter, wine, beauty, color and life, always life.

Broadway's café cigarette girl! She has never been novelized or dramatized, yet she plays a conspicuous rôle in the White Way's passing pageant. She is ever beautiful, always picturesquely dressed and in most instances has gripped the roseate dream to find it frozen.

"Cigars! Cigarettes!" There is a fluted cadence to her singsong cry—a nightingale among the night hawks. About her is an air of intangible sorrow. Soggy wine guzzlers find no echoing response to their flirtatious ad-

vances. She repulses, not with scorn, but with maidenly innocence.

There is Leontine, known to every Broadway rounder, bounder and wastrel. All day she works at a telephone switchboard and at midnight with her wooden tray and silver coin plate weaves her way among the fireflies. She is more beautiful by far than the bits of whirling gold and tinsel on the stage.

In a little Harlem flat she cares for a motherless brood of brothers and sisters and her surplus earnings are mailed weekly to her husband in a lonely Arizona desert tent. Moneyed yogis of the flesh have tempted her. She might easily ride in limousines—at least for a short while.

Then there was the tragic little Celeste. In the old days she held forth in the opal radiance of old Maxim's. The daughter of a French peasant, she wove a spell of beauty that made her, the humble cigarette girl, the super-magnet of this gay rendezvous.

Men fought for her. Indeed one was pistoled. In the end she married a cast-off son of a rich man who eloped with her at the end of a spurt of profligacy. He beat and

deserted her. She still sells cigarettes in a less conspicuous café. Just a dash of her beauty remains. She works that she may care for him—now blind and paralyzed.

It is a midnight café in the Tenderloin where music and laughter die with dawn. Jaded girls and shoddy men performers repeat their acts until the last patron leaves.

The girls must walk from table to table and stand as they sing, accepting the gibes, whispered insinuations and invitations to drink. A girl whose voice had cracked from hard usage, and whose face showed dissipation's mark, sat at our table.

A young dancer of twenty and his girl companion of about seventeen did their grotesque steps. They had the freshness and vivacity that belong to youth and appeared to be babes among the wolves.

The girl caught the unexpressed thought. "Those kids are going to be married tomorrow," she said. The marriage was to take place at noon. All the performers were hoping for a "short night" so they could attend the wedding, feeling fit.

And back of the marriage is a story that increases faith in humankind. They had worried about those young innocents in the "hard-boiled" atmosphere of the café. They were clever and clean in thought.

So, one morning when the last patron had gone, they held a conference. A fund was raised to print a page advertisement in a theatrical weekly, inviting theatrical agents to see the youngsters perform. Scores came.

One scout was impressed and brought a big producer who signed them for a production in the spring. In the meanwhile they had fallen in love but were without funds. Each performer contributed a half week's salary, which paid three months' rent for a furnished flat, with the understanding the two would cease working at the café and wait until the producer was ready for rehearsals.

And, in a voice husky from too much song and gin, the painted girl of the cabarets said, "Sometimes the hard-boiled are soft underneath."

It had been two months since I strolled along Broadway when the lights were spir-

aling skyward at highest tempo. There is always a jocund and boisterous vitality to America's wickedest street. It salutes life with a laugh.

The windows sparkle—windows crammed with cocktail shakers, drop earrings from Paris, Kiki bracelets, German marks, amber-topped canes, vests of all hues, perfumes from Egypt and yipping puppies. There are windows where men demonstrate a new shampoo and where ladies dip pralines.

Two months, and there is almost a different Broadway. Near the Winter Garden have bloomed four mastodontic eateries that serve only Chinese food. A big auto establishment is now devoted to a stock-selling scheme for Muscle Shoals.

Four tiny shops have blossomed about the entrance to the Automat. Three new revues have sprouted in the cellars around the corner in Forty-seventh Street—three in a row. A gilt automobile with driver and footman bids for the de luxe yap-wagon patronage in Longacre Square.

Freeman's, the famous café by the Palace Theater where actors go and take their dogs, is

now called Gertner's. A shop where only oranges are sold flaunts in enameled letters on its window: "We prepare your oranges for the cocktail free."

Nat Lewis, the theatrical haberdasher, has gobbled up an adjoining building and is now appealing to the ladies with displays of gaudy hosiery and lacy lingerie. Benny and Max have three one-flight-up tailoring places whereas two months ago they had but one.

In the Forties is Eddie and Jimmie's place —a small café where actors, authors and journalists go. It had been opened but a month yet was doing a rushing business.

There are a hundred and one other changes along the rollicking old street. They are symbolic of Broadway's shifting modes. Even the newsies have changed their pace. They used to cry their morning editions and racing forms at ten o'clock; they now cry them lustily at eight.

I saw him first eight years ago at a family hotel in West Seventy-second Street—a plump, apple-cheeked boy who was a Columbia student by day and an assistant to

the dance hostess in the grill at night. He was clean-cut and ambitious for a career.

The war came on and he went across. I saw him next in Paris, a gigolo in a rowdy café near the Rue St. Honoré. He had grown thin and sallow and his eyes had dulled. Women paid him five francs to dance with them and he permitted them to buy him drinks.

He shook his head at the suggestion of returning to America. "Lost the old pep," he said. "Anyway, what's the use? Another war will come along and the career will go kiting again."

Now he is dancing at a supper club in the Fifties. There is a suspicious cough and a face lined with the wisdom of ages. It was near closing time and I sat down with him at the table reserved for professionals.

Evasion was useless. While he drummed nervously with claw-like fingers bronzed with cigarette stain, he told me his story. After the armistice he drifted into Paris. There was a woman. She was dance-mad and he danced divinely.

She took him to Nice, Deauville, Madrid. And he, an unsophisticated boy, fell madly

and hopelessly in love. One evening he met her by appointment in a side-street dance place in Florence. A middle-aged man was with her.

"This," she said, "is my husband." She told him they were leaving the next day for Cherbourg to sail for America. She had had her fling.

"And," continued the young man with a nonchalant wave of his hand, "I've been hitting it up for Hades ever since. But don't blame the woman—after all, it was because I happened to be a good dancer." And he is convinced that this is so and dances on.

It is a story typical of Broadway—told as a humorous story. There is a young girl from a small town in the West who came here a year ago with bright promise. The usual story. Bad companionship. Night life. And the crêpe-de-Chine idea of existence. A friend saw her pulling into Fifth Avenue in a huge imported car with her own crest on the doors.

"What are you doing," he said, "riding around in a car like that?"

"What do you expect me to do?" she replied. "Ride to hell in a hack?"

Underneath Broadway's roses, Dixie Dixon found piercing thorns. She died in wild delirium from drug and drink in a public hospital, calling for the negro mammy she had left only two months ago to seek life's nepenthes.

A sunny-hearted girl with laughter on her lips, she plunged into the whirlpool—the cafés, the night life and dawn parties. In my roving I had seen her twice, her eyes fever-bright and flushed with the life that glows like a dead, rotting phosphorescent fish along the White Way.

There was a night in a roaming taxi. A visit to a drug den. A round of the illicit booze parlors. And then the race with death in an ambulance. An old tale along the dazzling cañon. In philosophic tones, Broadway booms its sorrow with "a good kid, but foolish," and its sparkling waters mock the lips of those who die.

Few, perchance, may stand the pace of the crimsoned turf of no restraints, but the

majority are led quickly to oblivion. Still they come! The ceaseless hordes. Young, beautiful and animated, to feast the vultures and hear the voice of death.

A savage street—this thoroughfare that blinks with a million lights.

The luncheon hour reveals hundreds of these vibrant creatures—mere idle toys—sipping cocktails from silver flasks with heavy-jowled, beady-eyed men. The newness of the life is apparent. The music, the lights, the gay chatter, the marvelous gowns, act as an intoxicant and one can almost hear them say, "This is the life!"

Many of them are ensconced for a brief time in Riverside Drive, in marble palaces with gold-caparisoned lackeys to attend every want. There are fur coats and gleaming jewels, later to grace the unredeemed pledges in pawnshops. Then the quick descent. And how rapid and cruel it is!

It has been discovered that the first cabaret in New York, where the dancers and performers mingled with the spectators, was Palmo's Concert Hall at Broadway and

Chambers Street. It was very popular in 1854. Men drove there in four-wheelers behind spanking bays—it was then uptown New York—and the belles of the town made the resort a show place for their new gowns. Today there is a cabaret at Broadway and Two Hundred Forty-second Street with a jazz orchestra. And the real cabaret belt is in Harlem at One Hundred Twenty-fifth Street. Only two restaurants in the Times Square section now present cabaret performances.

The headwaiter at perhaps the smartest roof garden in New York was confronted with a serious problem one evening recently. The place was packed with fashionable folk. A table of six—five men and a girl—had grown extremely hilarious. Suddenly a society woman started to scream, and getting up from her chair dashed over to the dance floor and fell in a dead faint. The headwaiter had to think quickly—not only for the reputation of the place, but for the reputation of his distinguished guest. He rushed over to the switch and threw out the lights; then, clapping his hands for two captains, hurriedly

removed the lady to an anteroom. And the lights came on. "The one weapon against scandal is darkness," said the headwaiter.

It was one of those shady hotels where fleeting kimonoed figures come and go, carrying white fluffy poodles, after Broadway lights blink farewell. About the entrance stood that ever present silent group, waiting for some new twist to life.

In the gloomy lobby the uniformed policeman, assigned to watch until dawn, yawned his boredom. Out of an old-fashioned horse-drawn carry-all stepped a white-haired woman. The sidewalk loungers instinctively moved aside.

As the pine springs naturally to the sun, they were impelled to give way to this symbol of purity in an atmosphere of impurity. Sweet-faced, kindly old ladies do not enter shady hotels. At the steps one of the group stopped her.

"I think," he said, "you have the wrong address. Who do you want to find?"

"My daughter Helen," she said. "I've come to surprise her. I sent all her letters

here. I've never been here but she told me she lived at this hotel."

Another of the group went to the clerk and whispered a threat. He returned and said the daughter had just moved away. No, he did not know the address. And two of the night-hawks accompanied the old lady to a respectable hotel and promised to find her daughter.

That was all I saw. But the next morning I was attracted by a newspaper story. A girl, given to one of those euphonious names in the White Way, had been carried from a room at the same hotel in an ambulance. Her lips were seared with acid. The old, old story—Broadway exacting the inevitable toll.

When at Long Beach a bolt of lightning killed Bert Savoy, the gayest of female impersonators, an unusual vaudeville team went out of existence. Savoy and his partner, Jay Brennan, under the team name of Savoy and Brennan, had been convulsing New York for years with low comedy.

It was the first time I had ever seen Broadway so affected by death. When the news came it was as though the same electric bolt

that killed Savoy had stunned the street. As one New York paper expressed it: "Broadway heard and went home early to bed."

Savoy was not a great actor. He was coarse, and more often vulgar. His patter was banal rum-tum-tiddy. He burlesqued the hard-boiled burlesque girl and popularized such expressions as "You must come over!" and "You don't know the half of it, dearie!" It was jovial commonness.

But he was the White Way's official Merry Andrew. He loved to make people laugh, and, when he was not on the stage doing his stuff, he was going the rounds of the cafés pulling his rather salacious implications. Life to him and his partner was an uproarious laugh.

He told me once with rather pathetic melancholy that he had no friends. "Nobody likes a female impersonator," he added. There was a strong attachment between him and Brennan. Several weeks before the tragedy each planned to take out a $50,000 insurance policy in favor of the other, but neglected the matter.

They had a contract, binding them together

for life. Once, when I was dramatic editor of a New York paper, Brennan asked me to write something about Bert. "Don't mention me," he said. And two blocks away, near the Claridge, I met Savoy, who said: "Whatever you write, give Jay the best of it."

I am prompted to chronicle this because of something that recently came under my notice. Near the Hippodrome I happened to meet Jay Brennan. His hair, from a sleek black, is now tinged with white. He has aged many years. It is difficult to think of harlequins of such audacious mold being touched by grief.

The lantern-trimmed, sightseeing busses that park along Times Square curbs, waiting to carry passengers off to the thrills of Chinatown, Coney and the Bowery, offer a rare study in crowd psychology.

It is the ballyhoos' job to fill the lumbering vehicles. Each has its quota of "decoys"—prim-looking women who are paid fifty cents an hour to sit, knitting or reading, in the seats. No one will enter an empty bus.

You hear the ballyhoo cry: "Just starting. See the Chinese opium dens! The Bowery

slums! Coney ablaze with light! Last trip of the day. One dollah the round trip!" The lusty ballyhoos are paid $50 a week and a percentage of the fares. Many make $100 a week.

It is a nerve-racking task, for the few who are lured by the promise of "just starting" become irritated by the long wait and ask return of their fares. They must be pacified. Now and then the chauffeur will crank the car to give an impression of starting.

The "decoys" aid in the pacification. To each other they remark for the newcomer: "I took this trip last summer. It was just lovely. I was never so thrilled in my life." There are times when they keep passengers waiting two hours.

A ballyhoo will, at such times, call out to the megaphoned guide: "We gotta get away soon, Jake. Don't want these folks to miss the Chinese wedding." And Jake will reply with an exaggeration of some other wonder to be seen on this trip.

From morning until night the ballyhoo sings his song—luring the yokel from the rushing crowds. His style is intimate and con-

fidential. He appears somewhat of a mystic. Above the thunderous roar he pleads to doubting Thomases: "Goin' right out! Fast car to Coney and Chinatown!" And his lippy persistence always wins.

Bravo, the Bull!

I JOURNEYED down to old Mexico for a brief respite from the Manhattan razzle-dazzle—cafés, bright lights, theaters, jostling throngs and the glitter of an artificial age.

I saw magnificent country unchanged by men and politics. I saw vivid market scenes, floating gardens, tiled fountains, volcanoes capped by eternal snows, curious convents, musty monasteries and cathedrals, pale-faced Indians gliding by in canoes, ox-carts, picturesque peons, sunlit corners of a world in crises of loveliness, stately domes and battered walls against a background of a wonderful civilization.

And then in Mexico City I saw a bull-fight. It was Sunday afternoon. The sun was dappling the streets through the beautiful cypresses of the Paseo. The avenues and cross streets leading to the big El Toreo circle were filled with laughing merrymakers—peons and plutocrats. A carnival spirit at high pitch. Threatening rain-clouds had dwindled. The fight would go on.

Acres of fine limousines and jitneys were parked near El Toreo. Sandaled, footsore peons had dog-trotted across mountains to be in at the kill. Armies of ragged beggars drooped outside the gates whining for *centavos*. It was the most colorful scene I ever beheld.

Inside the first gates that enclosed the big amphitheater was a medley of noise—here a matador and there a picador surrounded by fawning men and women. Sprinkled about were tiny stands of vendors of hot peppers, tortillas, frijoles, tamales and a score of other dishes peculiar to the Mexican palate.

My seat was at the arena rail on the shady side—a privileged place. The sunny side is two-thirds cheaper. The arena is an amazingly small circle compared to our American baseball and football fields. Five tiers of shrieking humanity awaited the first bugle note.

There were dark-eyed señoritas with their sleek beaus, young men, old men, mothers with babes at their breasts, boys and girls. It was a restless, milling throng—taut with expectancy.

Across the arena floated the bugle notes. A hush for the grand opening parade. A sort of major-general on a prancing stallion led, followed by cape men with their cruel spikes or banderillas. Then the picadors with lances riding their pathetic mounts—faithful old cab horses unsuspecting the torture awaiting them. Behind them the two matadors, and drawing up the rear the three-mule team to drag the tortured bulls and horses away.

Bands played. A deafening roar of shouts. The march up to the stand where the major-general asks official permission for the fight. The arena clears. Picadors, with the blind-folded eyes of their mounts toward the bull took their places. So did the cape men and the matadors.

The matadors were Gaona and Montes. Gaona, the pride of Mexico, for whom saloons, brothels, hats and cigars are named! Gaona, wearing a striking costume of black jet over vivid green silks, gold-braided vest and pink stockings. Gaona, a millionaire! Montes, who came across from Spain, an alert and emotional fellow, clad in the style of the Hispanic peninsular—heavy golden braid and

royal purple. They tossed their gorgeous capes to favored señoritas at the arena rail. They smiled behind ashen masks.

Another sharp bugle-call. Another hush. Gates to the bull-pen opened with a lightning flash. A breathless pause wherein one could hear the drop of a pin. Out charged the bull —a big, black and magnificent animal with a single banderilla, carrying the colors of his breeding farm, pinioned in his shoulder. A tiny rivulet of red trickled down.

He drew up short in the middle of the arena. Hated red capes were flaunting all about. The sharp pain in his shoulder increased. Picadors were ready on their blinded horses with long lances poised. Ready, too, were the cape men with banderillas and paper darts and the matadors with razor-edged swords.

Foaming with pain and man-incited rage, the big bull shook his head in bewilderment. He had just come that day from peaceful pasturage to a roaring pit of torture.

Then began that soft, pathetic pawing to warn his adversary of a charge. The bull does not rush without warning. He charged. A

banderillero or cape man with his darts decorated with colors awaited, jumped to one side by an eyelash and deftly placed the darts in the bull's shoulder—making a bouquet of torture. The darts must pierce at the same instant and at a certain distance apart to win applause.

The bull turned in increasing amazement. His big bloodshot eyes seemed filled with wonder. What had he done to man? Now and then he looked about as though to escape from an uneven battle. Against the arena rail stood a blindfolded horse, carrying a picador. The horse was gently swishing his tail—too old and too work-worn to be even mindful of the din.

The bull charged the old work horse, lifted him on his horns and with a ripping sidewise movement let him fall to the ground disemboweled. Thus had the bull received the "blood smell" at the most cruel sacrifice imagined. Up went the shouts of approval.

More spikes were sunk into the bull's raw and bleeding shoulders. He swayed dizzily with pain. Then gently he pawed and charged, each time receiving more darts and

spikes—made top-heavy to gore him deeper at every move. Blood spurted. Pain in the most sensitive part of the body became unbearable.

A fire dart was used—a dart to pierce the flesh and explode. The pungent smell of searing flesh assailed nostrils of an audience now changed to a howling, bloodthirsty mob.

There were cries for more picador mounts for slaughter. Four ancient nags are allotted each bull to give the "blood smell" and whip up courage. Only one had died. Another received a deep gash. He would be stuffed with sawdust to stanch the blood, sewed up and brought back for another bull to gash.

The bull fought on—charging here and there, stumbling now and then and all the while receiving more spikes. He was bleeding now at the mouth and nostrils and was ready for the matador's keen thrust.

There is little of the vaunted valor about the matador to me. He must merely time his leap to one side in the same fashion as the acrobat does who jumps from one trapeze to the other. Bull-fighting is largely acrobatics. When the bull charges he does not make oblique turns. He goes as straight as the arrow.

Gaona knelt before his foaming and bleeding antagonist. The valiant bull was ten feet away, pawing for a charge and ready to die. Gaona turned to look at the audience—a feat that receives the heaviest accolade. At the charge he jumped up and made the sword thrust. The thrust must be made at an exact spot for a perfect kill. The blade must sink to the hilt. Gaona failed once, twice—four times in all.

Hisses and boos. Gaona's mantle of fame was slipping. He displayed no emotion but tried again and failed. The bull carried on. His shoulders now resembled a huge porcupine's back. Blood gushed from his mouth a distance of five feet. He slowly sank to the arena. Gaona rushed up to drive a spike in the brain.

The stricken bull made one final effort. He raised himself half-way to his haunches, gave a roaring bellow of defiance and fell over dead—a glorious picture in defeat. Doomed to die, with every hand against him, he fought to the last gasp. The mules came and dragged him away as the band played a tune of victory.

A brief intermission and another bull came

dashing out. Six in all were killed that sunny afternoon. The blood lust was on. Gaona, Caliph of the ring, had failed. There were ominous mutterings. Gaona came coolly to the arena rail to swig a copious draught of absinthe.

More torture, blood and the smell of burning flesh. Montes, the newcomer and free-lance who had the nimbleness of a dancing teacher, tried the thrust and failed. Eight times his bull jumped the arena fence, once causing an attendant to make a clownish catapult into the arena amid gales of laughter.

Montes tries again. Fails. Then weeps. A picador urges his consumptive steed in front of the enraged bull. Another rip of the horns. Gored, the nag tried to gallop about the ring with entrails falling from a belly-long gash. Then he stumbled and died. Montes had lost a breeches leg—the only casualty to man of the afternoon.

Another bull. More torture and failure with the thrust until the fifth. Gaona was pitted against him. This was the finest beast of the lot. In his charges he swept along like a breeze—head down, tail up. Cape men

ducked behind their shields—man-sized partitions against the arena fence behind which those in danger may hide.

Gaona awaited the charge. The sword sank to the hilt at the first try and the bull dropped like a shot. Then the delirium of frenzy. Gaona had redeemed himself and was again the national idol. Montes was drowning his woe in absinthe at the rail.

Screaming men and women went suddenly wild. Men threw their hats, shoes, vests, coats, canes and watches into the arena. Women tossed their shawls, fans, jewels and millinery.

They wanted the matador's "touch." To have any article they possess touched by a winning matador is a mark of distinction. Gaona strutted about, picked up the articles and gallantly hurled them back.

From time to time as the torture progressed I turned to watch the audience. Eyes were fever-bright, cheeks flushed at this appalling glorification of bestiality. Little children struck their hands with joy. White-bearded old men shouted with glee.

Once as a bull charged at a defenseless,

blindfolded horse I turned my head and clapped my hands to my eyes to shut off the view. *"El bravo gringo!"* shouted a group of jeering Mexicans.

I walked from the arena in the throes of a nervous chill, overwhelmed by deep shame at my own degradation in being an eye-witness. Two American women were being revived from fainting fits in an anteroom. I left El Toreo with a rousing respect for the bull. He was the best sport there.

Take Me Back to Old Broadway

ROCK-RIBBED Manhattan—the Isle of Ice! Volumes have been written of its glacial front. From the cañons of Wall Street to the rise of Coogan's Bluff it is dubbed "the hard-boiled town," a friendless camp where no one knows his neighbor.

Poets sing of its haughty manner and superior smugness—a peacock, vain, strutting and forever preening its wings.

And yet——

Near gleaming Columbus Circle a member of the scarlet sisterhood sank to the curb. Lips that nightly framed the illicit question were seared by acid.

A surging crowd! An ambulance! And at the hospital it was found a sheaf of bills was clutched in one of her hands and a woman's jeweled bracelet in the other. It was the hurrying tribute of bystanders to a soul-sick stranger.

Not so many years ago a gifted writer battered his way to the portals of success—and

pneumonia ended his career before he could enter. There was a penniless widow.

In the old Fifth Avenue hotel a magazine editor and a well-known writer discussed the unhappy situation. They determined to tap Manhattan's generosity and they wandered northward.

They accosted this acquaintance and that with the same story. A talented man who was nameless had died and funds were needed for the deserving widow. When they reached Forty-fourth Street several hundred dollars had been collected. No giver asked a question and not a single person refused.

And again——

In mid-afternoon she sits erect and stately —like an empress—as her horse-drawn four-wheeler rolls up Fifth Avenue. Around her is a Paisley shawl and over her head a tiny black parasol.

The old driver in his faded plum-colored suit of a decade ago holds the lines. It is an anachronistic note in a motor age—and the old lady does not know that the venerable coachman is paying the bills from years of self-denial.

The Gondorfs, shrewdest of confidence men, did not fly their piratical flag in Big Pump, Nebraska. They operated in the marble magnificence of what was once the finest hotel at the corner of Forty-second Street and Broadway. From sophisticated New Yorkers they gathered their million.

Cynical, suspicious Broadway! An actress whose husband was arrested on a serious charge feverishly sought bail.

At a midnight show where she was forced to appear, following a day of failure, she passed a ringside table where sat a well-known gambler. He whispered a message to her.

After the show she met him and he placed $70,000 in Liberty Bonds in her hands without the scratch of a pen. She had never seen him before. "You're a game kid and need help," he said with phlegmatic terseness.

Nellie Revell and the late William Raymond Sill were Broadway press agents. Both were stricken with long illnesses. Stony-hearted Broadway provided a private room in a New York hospital for Miss Revell to fight her courageous battle for health. Every comfort was hers.

And to Mr. Sill were given funds to purchase a Long Island inn where he spent his declining days in peace.

Each, in the Broadway vernacular, was a "good fellow"—and must not suffer.

Earl Carroll, a successful song writer, went broke producing plays. One year after he had stood penniless on a Broadway corner a theater bearing his name was opened on one of the finest Rialto locations—a monument to Broadway's faith in a courageous young man who ten years before was a theater usher in Pittsburgh.

The truth is that in no place is there a warmer and more generous pulsebeat than along the wickedest street in America.

Broadway scoffs the ordinary cadger and spinner of hard-luck tales, but when adversity comes rushes to the rescue. No theatrical season is complete without half a dozen "benefits" to provide funds for those who have gone down in the battle of life.

And many of these benefit performances are recruited from the ranks of the jobless. There is sane philosophy in the vagrant ditty "When I'm Broke, Take Me Back to Old Broadway."

New York is the beggar's paradise. Penury indeed brings plenty on the streets of the metropolis. Any number of professional beggars ride in automobiles after "office hours."

Fifth Avenue's signless austerity seems coldly aloof to the stranger. The glittering shops strike an awesome note. It is a "high-hatting" street of suffocating grandeur and the last in the world where the ordinary mortal would ask for credit.

Yet nowhere is credit so easy. It is axiomatic that "the Avenue" assumes everyone to be honest until he is proved to be otherwise—reversing the popular conception. It was Paper Collar Joe who said: "Give me a fur coat, a silk hat and a gold-headed cane and I'll live on Fifth Avenue credit for years in plenty."

O. Henry's Bagdad on the Subway is quick to forgive its erring sons and daughters. If they are caught in the whirlpool of Broadway's furious waters and come to the top again, they are welcomed with the loud huzza.

In a peaceful Connecticut village resides a young woman, still in her thirties. Very few

who see her today, sitting quietly at the opera or the play, would realize that only a few years ago she made a sudden detour in the rush to Hell.

It was the ancient story along the Phosphorescent Path—youth, beauty and joyous health, the triple combination upon which Broadway feeds. First the cocktail. Then champagne and wild nights of revelry.

In the end—a twitching, hollow-eyed wreck. Cocaine. But she came back! Her regeneration was complete and today she is Broadway's "Little White Sister"—to whom the bruised and beaten go for comfort. She is beloved, respected and admired. Her past is a Broadway symbol of hope. What other street would so elevate its fallen?

New York is merciful in its immensity. Consider its army of shabby genteel. It bivouacs in the attics of the fading brownstone fronts. Here are men, trained in the universities of the world, who have nothing left but frozen dreams. Life has passed them by. They are not the victims of drink or the mésalliance—merely unexplained failures, who eke out a living by canvassing.

To them are offered free the things they love most—the finest art galleries, museums and libraries; and for a pittance they may hear the inspiring arias of grand opera. To be "broke" in any other city would be calamitous, but in Manhattan they find a certain peace and content.

"Blind George" for years hawked newspapers in front of the Herald Building in Herald Square. One morning he tapped his sluggish way to work. His little hutch was gone. The Herald Building had been sold and wreckers are dismantling it.

News of his adversity spread quickly northward and the next day Blind George was installed in a new stand with a purse of gold to boot at the Forty-second Street corner of Bryant Park—a gift from Broadwayites who had heard of his plight.

The late and deservedly beloved Frank Bacon did not reach his goal—Broadway—until his hair was whitened by the snows of many winters. He was marooned in the "sticks"—the dreary round of one-night stands.

But he came, saw and conquered; and when,

after a three years and a day stay at the end of the rainbow, he left, Broadway turned out en masse with a parade the like of which the metropolis had never seen before. Bacon, who had believed Broadway's heart as tough as steel, found it soft as putty.

There are more men living by their wits on Broadway than on any other given area in the world.

They know the truth, and that truth is that behind Broadway's mask of sophistication is the naive country bumpkin.

For after all, we of Broadway are merely gilded clods from Painted Post, Nevada, Gallipolis, Ohio, and Sandpit, Iowa.

Folks Back Home

CASS Cooper was the son of Professor Irving Cooper of the High School. He never mingled with other boys. He used to build shacks out of tin cans down by the ice piers. He chewed tobacco. On Sunday evenings he would go to church with Mrs. Cooper and always fall asleep.

In the late summer evenings folks out riding used to see him on the Coopers' roan mare, driving the cows in from Shaw's pasture. That was about the only work he ever did, except a little hoeing in the garden now and then.

Professor Cooper was called to a better position at Bowling Green, and Cass Cooper loafed around town, living mostly with Baz Cunderliff down on the coal float.

People would see him rowing across the river and they said he had a cave over in Alum Rock where he would stay for three or four days at a time. Mrs. Cooper came back to see him once or twice, and they went to the opera house together, and Cass would have a new suit after she left.

Cass was never in any trouble. He never took a drink, and his only bad habit was chewing tobacco. There were only about a half-dozen people in town to whom he would talk. Nobody ever saw him with a girl. Professor Cooper went up into Alaska with his wife, during the Klondike excitement. Some of the people back home heard he struck it rich. But Cass never said anything about it.

Cass died of a lingering disease and was buried by the county.

EDITOR SIM GILES

Editor Simeon Giles settled back home the year Henry Clay was seeking the Whig nomination for President. He bought The Leader for $300 and moved it from over the feed store to the northeast side of the public square.

Sim Giles was a stern man. He wore a wide-brimmed hat and a long, drooping mustache and boiled shirts and white cuffs. He had an anchor stickpin that fastened in his shirt and was attached to a gold chain around his neck. Rain or shine he had old black Alexander come to his room up over the

Leader office and polish his shoes every day in the week.

On Sunday mornings Sim Giles, General George House, Henry Cruezet, Captain Jack Sheppard and Banker Henshawk used to occupy the bench near the pump in the public square. One Sunday they were debating the question "Is British Tyranny more tolerable than American slavery?" There were hot words, and someone saw Henry Cruezet rush over Court Street after Dr. Cromlish.

Sim Giles was stretched out on a bench with a long gash across his cheek and looking very white. People were going home from church. They carried him over into General House's Old Reliable Insurance Agency office across the street. The affair was hushed up, but Sim Giles never would print advertisements from Banker Henshawk or allow his name to be published in The Leader. He carried a deep scar to his grave.

Sim Giles made the great trip from Louisville to Pittsburgh on the fast steamboat, Belle of the West, and the article he wrote about it was reprinted by The New York Weekly Tribune. Sim Giles ran for county treasurer

and was defeated. He sold The Leader to Colonel Sam Harper and left town, and no one back home heard of him after that.

UNDERTAKER ENOCH BOGGS

Undertaker Enoch Boggs was a very silent man. He had a wry neck and chewed fine-cut. At funerals he used to sit up on the hearse seat with black Charlie Robison, the driver, and nod all the way to Cemetery Hill.

Mrs. Boggs was a great hand to call on the sick. She was a Lewis and came from Purdy. They had one son, Archie Boggs, who was the town dude. He came back from Marietta College the first year with a spotted bulldog.

He had his hair parted in the middle, and wore a tiny little cap, with a long visor, far back on his head, and had peg-top trousers. Dunk Devac told around town that, when Archie passed the hitching rack in front of Wye's harness shop, two horses broke away.

Undertaker Boggs had the finest horses in town. He had seven beautiful white mares and every year he got the first prize at the equine exhibit at the county fair. He also

belonged to all the lodges and was a great man to march in parades.

He was a delegate to the Pythian convention in Denver, and made the round trip with Mrs. Boggs. He also went to Chicago during the World's Fair. He had an uncle who had been to Europe.

Every time Undertaker Boggs went away to lodge conventions there used to be stories circulated around town. Folks said he went on sprees and that Mrs. Boggs went along to take care of him. Miss Tish Young was in Cincinnati once and said she saw Undertaker Boggs staggering along the street. Nobody ever saw him take a drink back home, and he signed the pledge under Evangelist Sam Jones back in '82.

ORMSBY McTAVISH

Ormsby McTavish came from Scotland. He ran the Sample Store on Court Street back home. He had light sandy side-whiskers, but his mustache was stained a dark brown from nicotine.

His son, Treat McTavish, waited on the

trade, while old Mr. McTavish spent all his time keeping books under a coal-oil lamp in the back of the store. Sometimes the lamp would be burning as late as ten o'clock.

Mr. McTavish sent out all his bills weekly and to those who came to his store and paid up, he gave a five-cent poke of gum drops. After closing the store, he would step into the Blue Goose with Conrad Schreck, the butcher. They would sit for hours over a glass of beer and a Scotch whisky, not saying a word—only smoking.

Mrs. McTavish was an Englishwoman, and people used to laugh behind her back at her strange accent. The day Heptonstall's lumber-yard caught fire, Ab Atkins and a crowd of men were running past the McTavish home. Mrs. McTavish came to the gate and asked what the trouble was.

"Big fire," someone shouted.

"Fiah! Fiah! Wheah?" cried Mrs. McTavish. And those three words became bywords around town. Mr. and Mrs. McTavish always went to the brick Presbyterian Church and he always walked behind her. Nobody knew why. Mr. McTavish was a very learned

man. He predicted the coming of Halley's comet, and he knew all about old coins.

During the Cleveland administration McTavish failed in business, and became watchman at the flour mill. Every night Conrad Schreck would go down and sit with him, out in front, near the big scales.

"PEENEY" BROWN

"Peeney" Brown used to run the barber shop on Court Street. In front he had a jewelry shop. He won a Shetland pony for being the champion horseshoe thrower at Gallia County Fair. "Peeney" could play tunes on peach leaves and knew a lot of tricks with strings. He was the first man to introduce celluloid collars back home, and never discarded them.

He went in for novelties. Back in the room where old-timers played checkers he had the walls decorated with cigarette pictures—more than 1500. No one ever saw "Peeney's" wife except in the early morning, when she came out to scrub the front steps. She was a Hibbard and came from back in Beulaville.

"Peeney" had one stock story. It was about the time he cut Senator Foraker's hair when the senator was running for governor, and he got a dollar for it, which was in a frame over the mirror, facing the chair.

It was "Peeney" who took the knife away from "Jud" Harkner the first night of the centennial celebration at the Court House Square. "Jud" was out to kill Orley Henshawk, ne'er-do-well son of Banker Henshawk.

"Peeney" was the King of Boyville. He died the other day from nursing a strange traveling man at the Merchants' Hotel who had the plague. The story of the interurban president's housewarming crowded the news of his death off the first page. "Peeney" got only three lines inside.

CHUT BASHAW

"Chut" Bashaw spent the most of his life around saloons. He was the son of Madam Sarah Bashaw, who lived in the green-shuttered house across the railroad tracks. Madam Bashaw never came to town except in a closed cab.

"Chut" was a professional gambler and wore a white vest and a white hat. He was mild-mannered except when he took to drink, which was once a year. Then everybody avoided him. When in his cups, the only person who could do anything with him was the Rev. Alva Gee, the Baptist preacher.

One night "Chut" got in a row over a seven-up game in Andy Archman's with a crowd of miners from Pomeroy Bend, who came down on a Saturday night spree. He wielded a poker over the heads of two and was standing the rest at bay. They sent Doc Parker's black boy, Dan Hogan, after the parson, and he came with his nightshirt tucked into his trousers.

The crowd fell back and the parson stuck his head through the swinging doors and called, "Chut!"

"Chut" looked up and walked meekly out and up to the post-office corner with the preacher, and neither said a word. When Evangelist Moody visited back home "Chut" was the first man in town to sign the pledge, and then he hired out on Squire Mauck's farm, up near Addison. When the Carlton

mine caved in, "Chut" ran all the way from Gallipolis, five miles, after rescuers.

Back home they are waiting for "Chut" to break the pledge. "It can't last," they say.

"SUG" WALTERS

The Bijou Pool Room was upstairs over Link Neal's drug store back home. The cushions were dead and the cues warped. The charge was two and a half cents a cue.

Besides the two pool tables, there was a little glass case for chewing tobacco and cigarettes, a big oil lamp, two long benches, and a chair for Grandpa LeClerq, who always loafed there. On one wall was a poster of Al Field's minstrel troupe, and on another the escape of the hero in "Human Hearts."

The Roush brothers—Joe and Ed—owned the place. Joe Roush was the first man in town to whittle a steamboat and put it inside a glass bottle. Ed was more of a business man, but had spells.

"Sug" Walters was the champion pool shot of the town. He clerked at the Merchants' Hotel in the winter and was second mate on

the packet, Neva, in the summer. He had a story about himself in The Cincinnati Enquirer during the '88 flood, when he dived under the coal float and brought up Colonel Bud Miller's body.

"Sug" was well liked by the older men from Lawyer's Roy, who came over in the afternoon to watch him and Editor Sibley play bottle pool. Some of the politicians got him a job as superintendent of the Children's Home. It paid $480 a year and his board and privilege of farming. It looked for a while as if "Sug" was going to amount to something. But he kept coming to town and playing pool all day and he got put out of office.

He still hangs around the pool room. When strange drummers come up "Sug" always starts every conversation with "When I was superintendent of the Children's Home." It is his only cherished memory.

ANDRÉ LE CLERQ

André LeClerq came from France the year of the yellow fever epidemic. He settled back home in the Rance property overlooking

the levee on Front Street. He was a great student and had the finest library in town. He always wore a shawl and a plug hat and had spells of gout. He never spoke to his son, Ollie LeClerq, after Ollie married the Marshes' hired girl.

André LeClerq's wife died before he came to America. For forty-five years he called regularly on Tuesday and Saturday on Miss Liza Rance. Miss Liza was a blue-blood, a branch of the Kentucky Rances. She lived in a fine old Colonial house on Court Street.

She wore a big cameo breastpin that had been in the Washington family, it was said, and a net over her hair. Miss Liza had a carriage, and in the summer evenings her black man, Hannibal, would drive her around the public square while the band played.

The only time André LeClerq and Liza Rance were ever seen together in public was at the dedication of Gallia Academy, when Governor Bushnell spoke. A good many people wondered why they were never married. Some thought it was on account of Ollie LeClerq's marriage. Others said it was because Miss Liza was a year older.

During the blizzard of '86 when the Ohio froze over, André LeClerq was on his way to the Rance home on Christmas Day with a copy of Longfellow's "Poems." He fell in front of the tannery and broke his hip. He was carried into Miss Liza's home, where he died ten days later. Miss Liza never went to the funeral, nor was she ever seen except by old Hannibal and Dr. Cromlish, the family doctor, after that.

"It was a strange love affair," they say back home.

PEDRO JOE

Pedro Joe was sometimes called Whitewash Joe. He did all the odd calcimining jobs around town and put in the glass windows. Some said he was a Spaniard, and others said he came from Austria. He talked with an accent and was a steady drinker. He lived in the stable in the alley back of Schreck's meat shop and loafed about Kerr's drug store.

He used to be up every morning at 4:30 o'clock, and was the first customer at the Blue Goose. There had been stories that he killed a man once, but he seemed harmless

and very fond of children. He used to cut baskets out of buckeyes for them, and he could make a noise like a sheep and imitate a sawmill buzz-saw.

In the spring Pedro Joe used to go back of Reservoir Hill, on the lower river road, and gather herbs, and he hung them to dry outside his shack. There was talk that Dr. Cromlish got his famous recipe for Cromlish's great blood restorer from Pedro Joe. Pedro Joe always had a cough and people would see him on the street gasping for breath and sometimes spitting blood. They never thought he would last through the winter. But he lived to be eighty-eight and died with the smallpox at the county poorhouse.

Dr. Cromlish paid all his funeral expenses. Not a soul went to his funeral except the undertaker and the Rev. Alva Gee.

DUNK DEVAC

Sam Duncan Devac was the town drunkard. Every night, winter and summer, Aunt Mary Huntsinpiller sat at her parlor window and knitted. She would pat her foot as she

knitted. She knew more about people than Eliza Whittleby, who worked at the post office.

Aunt Mary used to say that she could never remember a night that Dunk Devac did not go past her window, on his way home for supper, drunk. He lived in Strawberry Row, south of the spoke factory.

Dunk Devac was small and wiry and smiled, drunk or sober. He could name all the Presidents in their order and quote Scripture. He had two fingers off his right hand. He lost them the year he went to work in the Mullineaux planing mill. He never worked after that.

His wife, Sallie Devac, clerked in Mose Straus's Bon Ton store. She was a dignified woman, one of the Yates sisters from Rio Grande, neat in dress and active in church work. Nobody could understand why she kept on living with Dunk Devac.

Everybody felt so sorry for her the day she was walking home with the wife of the new Methodist preacher. It was the week of the trotting meet and on the opposite side of the street some young men from the fair grounds

were carrying Dunk Devac home on a shutter.

Another time Dunk Devac fell off the wharf boat while the crowd was waiting for the new Iron Queen from Louisville. They had to roll him on a barrel on the levee before he came to. General George House, who ran the Old Reliable Insurance Agency, once offered Dunk Devac a pair of double-seated, corduroy trousers if he would stay sober on election day. Dunk wouldn't promise.

But he took his wife to see the Swiss Bell Ringers at Odd Fellows Hall and wore his cutaway coat. Afterward they went to Mr. Jenny's ice-cream parlor and straight home.

"A good soul when he's himself," is what they say back home.

"CHEEDY" FUNK

"Cheedy" Funk lived with the Allman family in the double brick house on Front Street. He was a cornet player, and in the summer he traveled up and down the river with Prince's Floating Opera. He had been all the way to New Orleans.

People used to line the river bank along the

public square every summer to watch the show boat, towed by the Maybelle Hope Small, land below the wharf boat.

There was a parade at noon, and "Cheedy" Funk would march in uniform, seemingly very much embarrassed, and not looking to the right or left. In the afternoon "Cheedy" would drop into Shott's Smoke Shop and meet all the people in town. At night he played in the orchestra for the show.

People back home knew it was spring when "Cheedy" Funk would quit his job as carver at the furniture factory and go to Parkersville to join the show boat.

"Cheedy" was very modest and never talked much about his travels. Small boys were proud to know him, and used to collect around him wherever he was. He was a big man, with apple-red cheeks and blond hair.

People around town used to say that "Cheedy" was married to a trapeze performer with the show, known as Mlle. Zuekko, Queen of the Air, but she never came back home except with the floating opera. There was always something of a mystery about "Cheedy" Funk. When he worked during the

winter at the factory he kept away from all the other men.

Eliza Whittleby, who worked in the post office, told that "Cheedy" Funk sent money orders to a different city each week. "Cheedy" was taken ill in Cairo, Illinois, while out trouping, and became paralyzed, and the last folk heard of him back home, he was on a poor farm in Illinois.

CAPTAIN RAFE SANDERS

Captain Rafe Sanders ran the ferry-boat, Champion, back home. Folk along Front Street used to know it was eight o'clock when they would see Captain Rafe coming up the levee with his lantern. He stopped in at Ford's, on Court Street, to help put Pappy Ford, who was paralyzed, to bed.

Captain Rafe weighed nearly 300 pounds and had a heavy set of whiskers. He never wore a collar, but wore boiled, white shirts. He carried red peppermint drops in his pocket for the children who came from over in Mason County with their parents to go shopping in town.

Captain Rafe was a bachelor, and in the summer time he and Bub Cassett, his pilot, slept in the engine room of the ferry, but in the winter Captain Rafe had a room over Menager's seed store.

He got up at four o'clock every morning, and it was while on his way to work during the '83 blizzard that he found Colonel Lon Patterson's body in the snowdrift in front of Sutter's racket store.

Captain Rafe was very profane. He smoked uncured leaf tobacco in clay pipes, and used snuff. He had a carved hickory-nut watch chain and a watch with the leaning tower of Pisa painted on its face.

He attended the brick Presbyterian Church now and then, and usually went to sleep and snored, and one Sunday he fell out of his seat into the woodbox. He was a steady drinker, but no one ever saw him intoxicated. When Ed Abbott was killed, Captain Rafe took little Tena Abbott to raise. He went with her to the Chicago World's Fair.

Captain Rafe died one evening after eating dinner at the Little Gem restaurant. Dr. Cromlish said it was from overeating.

UNCLE JIMMIE HELKER

Uncle Jimmie Helker took care of all the sick back home.

He walked to town from Clay Center every morning, rain or shine, and he had the same greeting for everyone. It was "Howdy, brother; howdy."

Uncle Jimmie had a heavy beard. He never cut the nails on his little fingers. When he was not attending the sick, he used to lay flagstone pavements or work as a cutter in the marble yard.

Around Clay Center and Buck Ridge some of the older people, including Granny Heisner, said it was Uncle Jimmie Helker who tied the bell on the buzzard which was heard at different times through Indiana, Ohio and Kentucky, and about which Irvin Cobb wrote his famous story.

Uncle Jimmie was the first man to go aboard the steamer, John Porter, when the packet brought yellow fever back home and started the plague in the Ohio valley. He was quarantined on the steamer and was there for ninety-six days. Doctor Cromlish used to

leave medicine on the river bank, and Uncle Jimmie would row in at midnight and take it back.

After young Bud Caldish inherited his money and got to drinking and using drugs, Uncle Jimmie was appointed his guardian, and they were always together until young Caldish was taken to the state asylum. Uncle Jimmie finally got to acting queer. He tried to walk it from Clay Center one night during the blizzard and froze his feet. He used to go to the Baptist Church, and would get up and talk in a rambling way. He finally got so feeble he couldn't leave his house. Nobody ever went to see him except Chot Young, the rural mail carrier.

KIP NICHOLS

Kip Nichols lived in Kane's Alley in the lower end of town. He lost his leg, when he was eight years old, flipping freight trains. He could, with the aid of crutches, outjump anybody in town, and he used to swim out into the middle of the river and take the waves from the stern-wheel steamer, Justine Hall.

Kip's father caught fish for a living, and he and Kip used to peddle them around town in a push-cart. Nobody back home knew Kip's mother. Kip used to chew tobacco before his father, and on Saturday night they would go to the Blazing Stump together and play cards and drink.

Kip had quit school in the eighth grade, because he threw a blackboard eraser at Professor Holbrook, the writing teacher. Mr. Nichols was struck by lightning on the levee one day, and was found black and charred.

Kip wouldn't look at the body or go to the funeral, but he paid all the expenses, and next Sunday morning he went to the Baptist Church, blind-drunk, and blasphemed the Deity and swore at the congregation. The Rev. Alva Gee walked down from the pulpit and grabbed Kip by the arm. He took him into the parsonage next door.

At three o'clock that afternoon they were still there, and Jim Hott, who went to call on the parson, said he was kneeling with Kip in prayer on the floor, and that Kip was crying. Kip straightened up for a while, but went back to drinking again, and finally left town.

150

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